

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 230.—Vol. IX.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

THE GREAT SPORTING EVENTS IN ENGLAND. OUR ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT THERE. WHAT THE ENGLISH PAPERS SAY OF US.

Our enterprise has been duly and liberally appreciated in England. The greatest sporting paper in England, *Bell's Life in London*, gives us the following kind and flattering notice:

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK.—Among the arrivals by the steamship Africa we notice that of Dr. A. Rawlings and Mr. A. Berghaus, the special correspondent and artist of Frank Leslie's paper. The position of that paper in America is similar to that of the *Illustrated London News* in this country, having attained a circulation of 160,000 a week. We must certainly commend the spirit of enterprise which Mr. Leslie evinces in sending over here specially appointed persons to illustrate the forthcoming sporting events and other matters of interest in our country; and we feel sure that his representatives will receive every courtesy at the hands of our contemporaries while sojourning here.

We thank the courteous editor of *Bell's Life* for this genial and friendly notice.

Our Artist and Correspondent have not been idle. On their arrival they lost not a moment in seeking out Tom Sayers, as he was more a novelty in America than the Benicia Boy. They then visited the Newmarket race-ground, and inspected the stables of Mr. Ten Broeck and other prominent sporting men. The result of these visits will be found in our correspondent's letter.

We are also indebted to Willmer and Smith's *European Times*, Liverpool, England, March 31st, for the following friendly and flattering notice, for which the editors will please accept our thanks:

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA.—Two distinguished Americans have arrived in England during the present week, of whose doings we shall hear by-and-by. These gentlemen are connected with a work which is little known in this country, but the circulation of which in the United States is enormous—Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper of America*. Dr. Augustus Rawlings is connected with the literary department of this paper, and Mr. A. Berghaus, one of the most popular transatlantic artists, represents its pictorial abilities. They reached Liverpool on Monday, and left on the steamer of the same day for the Metropolis. Their address is Harley's Hotel, Trafalgar square, London. We shall often have occasion to refer to these gentlemen during their stay in England, for they are pretty certain to present "the living manners as they rise" amongst us to the eyes of their countrymen at home in a way that will arrest attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although the illustrations, as they appear, will tell their own tale of vivid truthfulness, we think it is well, in these days of contemptible chicanery and tergiversation, to present to our readers the following certificates which reached us by the Persia:

REMARKS, March 20, 1860.
Mr. Berghaus has been here doing sketches connected with

Mr. Sayers's training, which give the greatest satisfaction all those who have seen them.

Yours truly,

ROBERT FULLER,
Trainer for Mr. Sayers.
I recognize the above as the authentic signature of Mr. Fuller.
Adelphi Hotel, London.

GEO. WILKES,

BULL & GATE, Kentish Town.

MR. LESLIE—DEAR SIR: Herewith I testify that Mr. Albert Berghaus, of New York, is the only artist from the United States of America who has ever taken sketches of Mr. Sayers's belt and prizes, which are in my hands.
S. HETHERINGTON,
One of Mr. Sayers's backers.

I recognize the drawings made by Mr. Berghaus from the belts and prizes of the present Champion as correct representations from the said trophies, as exhibited to me by Tom Sayers himself.

GEO. WILKES.

These certificates, it will be perceived, are endorsed by George Wilkes, Esq., editor of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, who is now one of the lions of the sporting world of England. We owe him our warmest thanks for the many favors he has shown to our representatives. He was in a position to dispense favors, and his disposition was equal to his power.



INAUGURATION OF HART'S STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, ON THE 12TH OF APRIL, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 336.

Among other important arrangements which we have concluded abroad, the following contract will afford us great facilities in illustrating the coming fight and its various surroundings:

LONDON, March 29, 1860.
This certifies that I have given exclusive right to the Special Correspondent of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, United States of America, to copy all photographs of the principal characters and events connected with the coming international contest, and also the published plates of which I hold the right. The photographs are taken by John Watkins, of Parliament Street, London. Subscriptions for the same may be addressed care of Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

GEO. NEWBOLD.

With such materials at our command we can

DEFY COMPETITION.

and do not hesitate to assert that the

Coming Numbers of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will be the most

Original, Brilliant and Interesting ever Issued.

INAUGURATION OF HART'S STATUE OF HENRY CLAY AT RICHMOND, VA.

From our own Correspondent.

THE inauguration of the statue of Henry Clay, at Richmond, on the 12th April, the anniversary of his birth, created a general interest throughout the length and breadth of our whole country. The loyalty of the people to the memory of the great statesman, the interesting history of the statue itself, the magnificent ovations of the day, the splendid military display, all combined to bring together a larger concourse of strangers, than perhaps ever before assembled in the beautiful capital of Virginia.

From the ladies of Virginia, under whose auspices the inauguration took place, the National Rifles, a new but favorite corps of Washington city, standing there in the same relation as does your gallant Seventh to New York, received an invitation to form a part of the pageant, and to become the guests and companions for the day to their brother soldiers of Richmond. The invitation being accepted, the company, numbering sixty-eight men, with the Marine band, seventeen pieces, paraded on the Avenue on the evening of the 11th, prior to its departure on the steamer of the Southern line.

The appearance of the company excited much enthusiasm among the assembled crowds of citizens, and the general opinion was that the gallant soldiers would uphold the character of Washington City at the ceremonies at Richmond. I accompanied the National Rifles, and reached Richmond at two A. M. on the morning of the 12th.

At eight o'clock every one was again agog, and Richmond wore the appearance of a city preparing itself to resist a deadly assault. From every quarter came the soldiery; the roll of the drum was heard all round, and it was pleasing to see the spirit with which all arms of the military appeared to be actuated. Veterans, who had been trained in Mexico, came out arrayed in the gray and gold; boys, some of whom had scarcely reached their teens, were also in uniform, and with surprising precision in their junior companies followed the movements of their elders. Nodding plumes, glistering steel and gay banners ruled the day. It was easy to read in all this the confidence that Virginia has in her volunteer system, which she wisely fosters, preparatory for the time when the military power may be called into action, whether to defend the Republic against an invading foe or to carry the chastisement of the sword into the country of an insolent one.

At nine o'clock, the weather being most propitious, the various companies were on the march to the place of rendezvous, where the column being formed, and the honored position in the infantry on the right being awarded to the National Rifles by Colonel August, that company took the position assigned, and the whole body of military awaited further orders from the Chief Marshal. All the preparations for the pageant having been completed, the numerous combinations of the Chief Marshal (Captain Dimmock), harmonising most admirably, the imposing procession commenced moving through the gaily-dressed, flag-bedecked streets. After the military came the orator of the day, Benjamin Johnson Barbour, Esq., accompanied by William H. McFarland, Esq., Chairman of the Directory, in an open barouche; then the invited guests in carriages, among whom were Ex-President Tyler and the Hon. James B. Clay, the son of the great statesman, a large body of mounted men bringing up the rear. Arriving at the Capitol grounds, which were literally packed with human beings, a large proportion being ladies, the military took position, and the solemn ceremonies of the inauguration commenced under the most favorable auspices and highly effective arrangements.

The statue is of beautiful marble; the great man is represented in the act of speaking. Every feature of his well-known face is admirably portrayed, but owing to rude surroundings, a rough platform, from the middle of which the statue arises, it is not as effective in appearance as it promises to be when the beautiful Corinthian pavilion, designed by Henry Exall, Esq., architect, has been placed over it. For that reason the view forwarded to you from Richmond was photographed from the original drawing of the architect, exhibiting not only the statue, but its much admired but unfinished canopy.

An elevation on the platform was occupied by the orator, W. H. McFarland, Esq., President of the Directory, and the Rev. J. Peterkin. After the performance of several national airs Mr. Peterkin delivered a most eloquent prayer. This was followed by a dirge admirably performed by the band, at the conclusion of which Mr. McFarland made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion, and introduced to the vast and brilliant assemblage Benjamin Johnson Barbour, Esq., the orator of the day, whose presence was acknowledged by long and continued cheers.

Mr. Barbour commenced his great oration at ten minutes to one o'clock, concluding at two, and never did orator do fuller justice to a glorious theme, or by the witching power of eloquence, for the same space of time, hold entranced a more delighted audience. Frequently his flights were so grand, so moving, that, that it would have required but a slight stretch of imagination in the auditor to see the mantle of the shrouded statesman resting upon the shoulders of his gifted eulogist. The conclusion of the oration—a single paragraph—is here given as a sample of the splendid effort of Virginia's eloquent son:

Here, then, on the soil of his native State—on the very spot, perchance, where he once stood a poor, friendless, unknown boy—in the presence of this vast multitude, assembled from all parts of the Union—on his birthday gleaming in the calendar, and bright in the memory of millions, we inaugurate the statue of the patriot-statesman, Henry Clay, and dedicate it to the great cause of human industry, progress and freedom. Here let it stand, the model and the monitor of his countrymen—that men may learn from it the certain honors which await beneficent genius, ardent patriotism and spotless integrity—that envy, hatred, unhalloved ambition, civil discord and sectional strife, may fly shamed from his presence as Aiac, the pest of nations, fled frightened from the Acropolis, under the quelling gaze of the statue of Minerva. And let this be our parting and animating hope—that when generation after generation, and age after age shall have passed away—when myriads of freemen are reposing in peace, prosperity and happiness beneath the canopy of our country's greatness, it shall still be the pride and pleasure, and perfect privilege of the pilgrim of every time, to come here as to a shrine, to bow the head in honor of the great man who gave them this.

During the ceremonies, the statue was veiled with canvas; this covering was now to be removed, and the ceremonies of the

inauguration completed. A signal from the Master of Ceremonies—a few nervous jerks at the fastenings—the folds of the canvas fall gracefully from the figure, and the marble embodiment of Henry Clay, amid the firing of cannon, strains of music, and the shouting of the delighted multitude, stood out in bold relief before the gaze of twenty thousand people. The ceremonies were ended—the dream of the noble women of Virginia was realized!

The idea of erecting this statue of Henry Clay originated as early as 1844. Mrs. Lucy Barbour drew attention to the matter through the Richmond *Whig*. This lady at first, it appears, merely proposed that some testimonial by the ladies of Virginia should be presented to the great statesman; but, after further consideration, it was determined that an association should be formed for the purpose of erecting a statue in his honor. The money was raised in a short time, and Mr. Joel J. Hart, of Kentucky, chosen to execute the statue, and he has been at work upon it in Florence more or less some twelve or fourteen years. The statue itself is a perfect lifelike representation of Mr. Clay in the act of addressing a public body. The posture is faultlessly and imitatively correct. The features ditto, and the vesture that exactly which he wore in life—so that in the marble the Virginians now have an exact model of the statesman whose name they so justly venerate and honor.

On the occurrence of an appropriate interval in the progress of the ceremonies of the day, the Rifles were invited to the armory of the Blues, where they were entertained in a sumptuous manner by their military friends. An immense china bowl, filled with mint juleps, occupied a conspicuous place in the hall, and, while it furnished a subject of wonder to the mind of the beholder, also supplied him with a generous beverage, wherewith to satisfy his thirst and to nerve him for further exertions in following the programme of the day. In this friendly reunion many sentiments were proposed and drank, two of which, complimentary to the Rifles, called out Daniel Ratcliffe, Esq., of Washington, a guest, and Commissary Yulee, both of whom, in handsome speeches on behalf of the Company, returned thanks to the citizens of Richmond, and the military in particular, for the generous manner in which they had been entertained.

In the evening a number of the citizens of Richmond, with invited guests, participated in a grand banquet at the Exchange, on which occasion ex-President Tyler, Hon. Mr. Brooks, of New York, and other distinguished gentlemen, were heard in response to sentiments calling them upon their feet. Late in the evening the Rifles, with their admirable band, serenaded his Excellency Governor Letcher, who handsomely responded to the compliment.

Colonel August was also serenaded, and made an admirable speech in return, still further winning upon the favor of the Rifles, having before, during the day, called forth their high admiration as a military chief.

Thus ended an event which will long be remembered in Richmond. The whole programme of the ceremonies was carried through without an error and without a misstep; the most harmonious feeling animated the vast concourse of people, gathered from all parts of the country to be present at the interesting and national occasion, and we can safely assert that a more marked success never attended a public inauguration.

WINTER GARDEN—MARETZKE ITALIAN OPERA—
Regular Opera Nights, at 8 P. M.,
MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, FRIDAYS,
THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS, Grand Matinée at 1 P. M.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, 485 BROADWAY, BETWEEN GRAND AND
BROOME STREETS.
Friday, April 20, a splendid Fire-Act Comedy, and other Entertainments.
Saturday, April 21, Mrs. Hoey's Benefit.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, and KILL OR CURE.
Doors open at 7, commence at 7½. No Free Admission except the Pros.
Admission—Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM—GRAND DRAMATIC
REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 8, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to everything, 25 cents. Parquette, 15 cents extra. Children
under ten years, 15 cents, and to the Parquette, 10 cents extra.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK
LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks.....	1
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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The Charleston Convention.

THE world of politicians, great and small, is now gathering together at Charleston, and marshalling their forces preparatory to the grand Presidential campaign, which opens on the 23d. How long this will last, and to whom the nomination handkerchief will be thrown, a la Turk, is not known to the uninitiated, and we presume can be only guessed at by those who have the pulling of the wires. The recent events in Virginia have given a seeming personality to the contest which the last two elections have not possessed; but the grave character of the issue will undoubtedly soften these asperities, and moderate the hostility of rival partisans. It is a gratifying thing to know that almost all the ostensible candidates are men of mark, distinguished for their ability and public spirit. It is, however, possible, as in the case of Harrison and Pierce, the distinction may fall upon some one who may be called upon to bridge over the mutual jealousy of the supporters of men too prominent to feel inclined to give way to a rival. While we allow this is not patriotism, it is human nature, and must be treated accordingly.

The Unity of Nations—Japan.

ONE of the most remarkable features of this age is the breaking up, or breaking into, of old nations which have remained in settled forms from a period which antedates written history. In connection with this we should mention the gradual adaptation by all nations thus startled from their antique seclusion of certain social improvements, all of which have the tendency to identify them with the habits of mankind. The first one object which ever presented itself to universal use, even though it were a warlike instrument, was the minister to vice had at least this one thing in its

favor—it was a step towards mutual understanding, an aid towards cosmopolitanism—that noblest philosophy of life—and in fact an advance towards progress and equality, feeble and obscure as the reader may deem it. From this point of view there is a striking significance in the theory of the man of the world quoted by Bayard Taylor, who held that the use of tobacco in its universal dissemination had been a step towards civilization. Between the English gentleman who smokes and the Arab sheikh, a pipe is half a language. The same proposition is even more applicable to articles of European manufacture. These are generally adopted, first by the chiefs and first-class men, and then extend to the multitude. A few years pass and another link is added to the ordinary chain which connects human nature. So rapidly are tastes and habits now being formed in this manner, that an examination of the map of the world and references to books of travel indicate that in a few generations a vast amount of old prejudices, old customs, old distinctions and old follies will have been quite lost in new customs, and it may be new follies, which will, however, have at least this advantage over the old, that they, by establishing a uniformity of intelligence among men, make broader, and longer, and straighter the path of beneficent reform or progress, rendering it more accessible to all humanity.

The lovers of half-worn-out romance and faded sentiment grieve woefully over this gradual disappearance of old characteristics and of quaint oddities. To them the Turk, when he shall have out the Koran and turban, will have lost all interest, and the world would seem to them to be quite fading into insipidity and nothingness if its fancy ball dresses and customs, or its melo-dramatic features had vanished. They seem to entirely forget that to the great cosmopolite minds of the age which appreciate its tendencies, which read its manifest destiny, there is a far higher romance, a braver and healthier beauty and poetry of humanity contained in this fusion of elements, this uniting in one great family. Or if the phrase "one family" be too decided, let us at least hope that the many families may at least have so much in common that there may be no difficulty in bringing before the comprehension of any of them that which is for the benefit of all.

One of the most gratifying indications of the progress of this spirit has been witnessed in that treaty by which our Government threw open the gates of Japan to the world. This was the last stronghold of exclusiveness, of peculiarity, of provincialism. The late arrival of the *Candimarrak*, the Japanese corvette, at San Francisco, shows with what a good will the Government which sent it is entering upon the path of modern civilization. The world was long since astonished to learn that when the onerous pressure of "old custom" was removed, no people on the face of the earth was more desirous of acquiring scientific information. Our mechanical inventions are readily understood by the Japanese, and eagerly adopted. It is said that no more acceptable present can be made to one of their learned men than an European work on science. It is gratifying to think that such a race has been brought into the *grande route* of nations, nor is it less agreeable to reflect that our Government was the first to lead the way, and is now regarded by the Japanese as the first and nearest of their foreign allies. This, combined with our Russian relations, cannot fail to be of immense advantage to us in that coming time foreseen by Herzen, when he predicted that the Pacific Ocean would be the Mediterranean of the future.

Forty Mysterious Disappearances—or Murders!

THE most startling feature in the discovery of the murdered woman at the end of the York slip, Jersey City, is the horrible and suggestive fact, that more than thirty persons have come forward in the forlorn hope of recognizing, in the half-decomposed face of the unknown woman, some missing relative or friend, who within a few weeks has mysteriously disappeared, and whose fate has doubtless been of the same tragical description. This stamps as a fact what many suspected, and what the police were cognizant of, that the unknown murders in New York far exceed in number those which come before the public eye. It is a frightful thing to contemplate, that every woman in visiting a friend, without male escort, runs the risk of being outraged and murdered. As the matter now stands, the disappearance of a woman is like the dropping of a stone into the water—after a few abortive attempts to discover her fate, the public attention closes over her just as the water does over the stone.

We have illustrated the discovery of the body in Jersey City with the sole intention of more firmly impressing upon the general attention the fate to which the weak are exposed, and we trust the lesson will not be thrown away, but will force the public to demand more vigilant activity and intelligence on the part of the police.

In connection with the murder perpetrated at the foot of this pier in Jersey City (for the mere fact of its being anchored there to the barrel of pitch fixes that as the spot), we may ask why have not Captain Brevoort's pier lights been placed—is it to save the miserable expense or to facilitate the commission of secret murders?

Louis Napoleon's Programme.

THE correspondence between the French and English Governments on the Italian question has, we think, rendered Louis Napoleon's annexation of Savoy and Nice perfectly intelligible. There seems no reason to doubt that the Emperor was perfectly sincere in his early profession of disinterestedness, because his programme contemplated only the annexation of Lombardy to Sardinia, and the restoration of the Dukes to Parma, Tuscany and Modena, with the introduction of certain reforms which would reconcile the people to their rules. This, with the addition of Lombardy, would have left Sardinia a neighbor of five millions. The peace of Villafranca established this as the basis of the settlement, and there is no doubt that this sudden pause in Louis Napoleon's victorious career was due to the irritated state of Germany and the suspicions of England, for although the Palmerston Ministry had been established, there was still a powerful party in the British Parliament ready to seize upon every opportunity afforded by the Emperor of the French.

On the understanding, therefore, that the Dukes were to be restored, and that Lombardy alone was to be annexed to Piedmont, the Emperor of France retired from the war a loser of fifty thousand troops and an enormous sum of money. The firm attitude of the revolted Italian States, in which they were principally encouraged by the British press and Parliament, had, mean-

time, enlarged the Italian question, and encouraged Victor Emanuel to accept the annexation of Parma, Modena, Tuscany and the Papal Legations; thus raising Sardinia into a kingdom of twelve millions, with the ultimate prospect of including Naples and Venetia.

It is evident that Louis Napoleon considered himself absolved from his previous promise, and the cession of Nice and Savoy, was a small price for Sardinia to pay for her territorial aggrandisements.

That Louis Napoleon has anticipated the ill-will of Europe is evidenced by his Commercial Treaty with England, which has been justly considered a sop to that loud-barking Cerberus. Whether this evidence of ambition will be construed by Germany into a shadow of coming events, and lead to a coalition, time only can decide.

It is very probable that, among all the moves of Louis Napoleon, some concession to the vainglory of his own people was considered by him as absolutely essential to strengthen and consolidate his dynasty.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

If we may judge from the newspapers the progress of Bloomerism is making considerable strides. Miss Harriette N. Austin, editress of a "Reform paper" in Danvers, New York, devotes a long article to the subject of her making up. Here is an important item: "My pantaloons are all cut at the bottom like gentlemen's. I like them better than straight ones, and those which some ladies have worn, full and gathered at the bottom, are 'unmentionable.' My pattern was cut by a tailor, his wife taking the measure." It has, however, its drawbacks, for Miss Mary E. Haynes writes from Caroline, Tompkins county, to Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouk's *Sybil*: "I am almost alone in wearing the reform dress. People oppose me and think I am very foolish to dress so unfashionably. I suppose they think I'll die an old maid if I don't take off my 'bloomers'; but I feel some encouragement on reading 'Luna's' remarks in the *Sybil* of October. She speaks of a friend who wants a wife, will you please inform her I would like to learn his address. I often feel discouraged and lonely." We shall have little hope of our great republic if this tender appeal to its chivalry does not produce the most beneficial results. Above all we entreat Miss Haynes not to feel discouraged—while there's life there's hope.

The Counsel of Macdonald, who shot Virginia Stuart last year, have published a card stating that he has been penitence since last July, but with a contradiction perfectly amazing in such shrewd men, add that his friends in Mobile have subscribed for him. This is an odd way of proving a man penitence. They also add that the District Attorney has not yet had time to prepare the interrogatories for the trial. Surely if anything could disgust us with law this would. Here is a woman shot down in Broadway, in the broad daylight, before a dozen witnesses, the only provocation being that she had refused to live with him any longer. There is no mystery in the matter. A dozen straightforward questions would at once decide the affair. His counsel made no allusion to the injustice of imprisoning the unhappy witnesses, whose sole crime is that they were the accidental spectators of a barbarous murder. It would seem as though our judiciary wished to procure for crime a perfect immunity by punishing the instruments of conviction. Since the old Dutch Judge made the plaintiff and defendant exchange receipts, and adjudged the constable to pay the costs, there has been nothing like the Macdonald case.

The Proceedings of the Mason Committee in one House, and of the Corvode in the other, incline every honest American to exclaim, "Hugue take both your Houses!" The behavior of these rival Simon Pures or Dogberries, who sell out and "comprehend every vagrom" politician to see what they know about one "Master Deform," reminds one more of the Star Chamber proceedings of the British tyrants than of the nineteenth century. Under the aegis of collective impunity respectable men put questions which would entitle the interrogator to a horizontal position at the hands of the questioned if put in a private capacity. It is a melancholy spectacle to see the chief assemblies of a great nation assume a pretended virtue to work out the rancor of hostile factions! If we thought the more thorough exposure of these political practices would put an end to this blot upon our freedom, we might overlook the virulence displayed in their investigation, but we are compelled to admit that the moving spring of the whole is nothing but personal spite and party hatred.

Some of the New York and Boston papers have been discussing the merits of the ballot, in view of the enormous frauds which once were the exception, but are now the rule. Expert politicians now consider a ballot box in the same light that a cook does a turkey—good for nothing without it is well stuffed—and on some occasions the stuffing is a little too strong. One of our most Democratic papers goes in for a registration of voters and a return to free vote voting. It is significant that as England seems nibbling at the ballot, we should wish to put it off our hook. In clubs and commercial institutions the ballot is undoubtedly preferable, as it prevents personal friendship from inducing a constituent to give his vote—out of a courteous wish not to offend—to the least eligible candidate, but in a great community the same reason does not exist; and our present method of voting, while it does not secure secrecy, permits the commission of unlimited frauds. In a recent election in Philadelphia, twelve hundred men were taken on to create votes for the administration candidate, and kept at the nation's expense for a couple of months, when there was no legitimate want for them. The only work they performed was to vote for the man they were hired to elect. John W. Forney is summoned to testify to these facts. Florence is the glory of Tuscany, and Tom Florence is the glory of Philadelphia.

The Ohio Legislature have passed a law prohibiting, or rather regulating the marriage of family relations, such as cousins, nieces and wives' sisters. They base their legislation on the injurious effects, mental and physical, produced on the offspring of such intermarriages. There can be no question that every race, whether the human or the lower animal ones, benefits by an intermixture, if confined to the same species; but the including wives' sisters reminds one of the Irishman's remark, "that if the Legislature objected to the marriage of relatives, why did it allow husband and wife to marry, a thing, said he, that is done nine cases out of ten!"

The Action brought by Mr. Yost against Mr. Hope for selling a pine coffin as a mahogany one, and for burying other children in the same grave with Mr. Yost's child, came off last week in Jersey City before Justice Bedford, and resulted in a verdict for Mr. Hope. Mr. Yost has evidently been acting under a false impression, and we are glad that Mr. Hope has cleared his skirts of the imputation, since it threw a grave implication upon the whole tribe of undertakers.

The Evening Post is very sarcastic upon the *Daily News* for calling, in an article on the Pryor-Potter duel, the bowie knife a murderous weapon. The *Evening Post*, for so venerable a paper, is rather green on the subject of duels, otherwise it would know that the last weapon a duelist would choose would be of a character to do either of them any harm. Pistols that will hit and knives sharp enough to cut have long been banished from the amended code of honor.

The Albany Legislature has given up the ghost for a short time, amid a volley of most singular and discordant opinions. It has done the things it ought not to have done, and not done what the public good required. It has made itself a tool in the hands of unscrupulous speculators, and passed bills for the spoliation of the public, while it has turned a deaf ear to those unfortunate families whose necessities compel them to be the inmates of those pestilential Bastilles and infamous death-traps called tenement-houses. Should any more human lives be sacrificed to that Moloch, their murders may be strictly charged to the account of a Legislature which has adjourned. Every night thousands of men, women and children are exposed, during the unconscionable slumber, to the lingering and horrible death of burning.

Professor Hutchings called the other day and exhibited to us and our friend, Mr. Stuart, of the *Daily News*, some wonderful instances of his method of lightning calculation. His performances are as wonderful in their way as Biondin and Louis Napoleon are in theirs. We understand he will shortly exhibit his proficiency in figures at Barnum's.

Passing Notices.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.—The Hon. Edward Everett, in answer to Mr. John Cassell, expresses the following opinion upon his Illustrated Family Bible: "You have succeeded in preparing for the mass of the community a very valuable illustrated edition of the Bible, at a moderate price. The amount of knowledge of history and antiquities, ancient art, geography,

and the various branches of natural science which your edition brings together for the better understanding of the Scriptures, is really surprising; you have my best wishes for the success of the enterprise."

Our Photographic Views of New Orleans.—We inadvertently gave wrong credit to the source from which we received the magnificent photographs of New Orleans—its Levee, &c., and we hasten to express our thanks to J. D. Edwards, Esq., to whom the credit is justly due. The Photographic Gallery of Mr. Edwards on Royal street, opposite the Post Office, New Orleans, is one of the most extensive, complete and popular establishments in the South. It is one of the "Institutions" that we advise all our friends to visit. They could not get a finer photograph taken if they searched all over the country.

George G. Evans's Illustrated Times.—We have received from George G. Evans, of Philadelphia, a very handsome Quarterly publication bearing the above title. It contains some splendid engravings; among them the illustrations of his great Gift Book Store Establishment. It contains much interesting matter, some beautiful poems and a great deal of information about his business, which has grown up into proportions really gigantic. Mr. Evans is one of the most enterprising and successful business men of the time.

Our Despatches from England.—We are indebted to the American European Express Company, Messrs. Austin, Baldwin & Co., for the early and prompt delivery of our packages containing the sketches, drawings, &c., from our Special Artists in England. In a business like ours promptitude is everything—an hour's delay might be a loss of thousands of dollars, and we therefore duly appreciate the dispatch displayed by Messrs. Austin, Baldwin & Co., in delivering us our important packages so early; and this notice may serve as a hint to our friends who want anything from over the water, to employ the same medium of transport.

Personal.

The Hon. Mayor Wood left New York on the 16th inst. for Washington, on his way to Charleston.

Kate Smith, one of the girls employed in the Tremont Mills, Lowell, dropped dead while at her work last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mix, of Hampden, Conn., celebrated their golden wedding on the 13th inst., amid a happy and prosperous family of their descendants. This is meeting one's posterity in a very happy manner.

Somers, the comedian, is in New York.

Mr. Brockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, preached a very pointed sermon against duelling last Sunday. Many of the M. C.s were present.

Miss Hosmer, the famous sculptress, has arrived at Watertown, Mass., from Italy. She has come home to see her father, whose health is in a very precarious state.

Mr. Gordon, Speaker of the State Legislature of Indiana, and Mr. Turner, a reporter, had a difficulty, and fought. As usual, no blood was shed.

Florence Nightingale, the guardian angel of the Crises, is now unable to leave her couch. Despite her approaching dissolution, she is as busy as ever in her benevolent designs.

John A. Green, of New York, and about fifty delegates, have arrived in Washington en route for Charleston.

Mrs. Burr, of Philadelphia, was buried last week in that city. The plates, handles, screws and ornaments on her coffin were of solid gold. A nice prize for the resurrectionists.

Hon. Lewis Cass, who is in his seventy-eighth year, has never had a great coat on his back nor yet tasted a single drop of intoxicating liquors; at least so says Deacon Herrick, himself a great coatless and a teetotal Alderman.

The Surrogate has granted letters of administration to Miss Cecilia Burton and Dr. Crane, the executor and executrix of the famous comedian, W. E. Burton.

Henry Clay's birthday was celebrated in many of our chief cities on the 12th inst., with great eclat. The chief solemnity was in Richmond, Virginia, where his statue was inaugurated with great pomp.

Zachariah Barker lately died in Ogdensburg in his ninety-sixth year. He was one of the revolutionary soldiers, and fought gallantly throughout our arduous struggle with the British tyrant.

The Hon. Wm. Preston, our Minister to Spain, has returned in the Persia. He is now in Washington. It is said he has settled all our outstanding questions with that wretched country, and in a most amicable manner. This will not be pleasant news for Mr. Buchanan.

It is reported that the President has resolved to guillotine George N. Sanders, the Warwick of our Presidential elections. His crime is reported to be Douglasism. Sanders has doubtless planned his own murder, as usual.

A witch, named Joseph Shubart, residing in Springfield, Ohio, lately turned his mother, an aged woman of eighty, out of doors to starve. Some of the neighbors took her in to their home, and treated the villain to a coat of tar and feathers. Judge Lynch has noble impulses; what a pity it is not infallible!

Dr. Camrow, of Middleboro, Mass., had lately his henroost entered and some valuable fowls stolen. He pursued the thief, but he was too nimble for him, so he escaped with his hens. In his flight the robber dropped a purse containing fifty-three dollars in good notes and gold! Perhaps the man came to buy the hens.

The Republic lost much piety last week. The Adriatic and Kangaroo took out the following popular preachers: Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. Mr. Demarest, of Lowell, Mass.; Dr. Seyburn, of Philadelphia; and Drs. Scott and Spiers, of Brooklyn. They go, of course, for the benefit of their health, and not to see the elephant.

Mrs. John Wheeler, the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, has just died in Ohio, aged ninety-three. It will be remembered that Campbell made this terrible act of Indian ferocity the subject of a fine poem.

A few evenings since a lady in Lexington, Michigan, was playing upon a melodeon, when a mouse emerged from a corner of the room, ran up tremblingly to the instrument, then ascended the dress of the performer into her lap, and finally nestled under her bosom. The little animal was in such a high state of ecstasy that it was utterly powerless, and had the performer continued a moment longer it would have expired. The Cincinnati *Dollar Times* adds, Very like a mouse, that it should be fond of a musical instrument. That is worse than any of Prentice's.

The Philadelphia Press, in announcing the arrival of the Japanese Legation at San Francisco, says that it hopes they are not Japanese ministers come on a speculation. The implication is, of course, that the Cabinet have imported them to make political capital. Barnum had better have a talk with their interpreter.

Mr. Gurovski, of the Tribune, is writing a book to prove that slavery has ever been the ruin of the State that harbored it. When he has done that he intends writing another to prove that the foreign element of this Republic is gradually undermining our language, laws, morals and religion! Great is Gurovski of the Tribune!

Judge Whittier, of the Hoboken Circuit Judge, is about turning the tables upon New York. As New York papers are sent over to Hoboken every morning, he contemplates starting an express to supply the New Yorkers with the Jersey papers at the early hour of nine o'clock!

Peter A. Delmonico is dead. He was formerly partner to the Delmonico of restaurant fame.

A bit of real acting happened lately in Cincinnati. As Miss Wyette was performing in "Faust," lately, she was supposed to be sent to the lower regions. A small keg of powder igniting seriously injured her. The idea of having real gunpowder on the stage is absurd. Why not have real murderers, heroes and kings?

The Prince of Wales will leave England on the 10th July. He will most probably be accompanied by the Dukes of Cambridge and Newcastle. He will visit Canada direct; his movements after that are undecided. He may or may not visit the Republic.

Mr. John Farmer, the well-known and respected philanthropist, whose extensive charities to the poor during the winters of 1857 and 1858 endeared him to every Christian, has lately lost one of his children by scarlet fever. Mr. Stuart, the brilliant editor of the *Daily News*, has also suffered a similar bereavement.

MUSIC.

THE papers are making a great talk over the fierce operatic warfare which is supposed to be going on at the present moment in the godly city of New York. As every one says so, we suppose we must conclude that there is a war, but it is certainly the quietest war within our remembrance. The two establishments, the one in Fourteenth street and the other in the Winter Garden, are rivals to be sure, but they pursue their separate courses with great energy and very little fuss.

In point of novelty the Winter Garden deserves the most special notice, as Max Maretzek has already brought forward two artists new to this country. We have before spoken of Signor Ernani in terms of warm approbation. He is so excellent an artist that he must infallibly become a distinguished favorite with the New York public.

But Maretzek's great strength has been shown in the production of Madame Fabbri, who has achieved a great and decided success. Her appearance in "Travinta" was the subject of considerable speculation. We have had so many admirable personations of Violetta, that she appeared under every disadvantage of recent comparison. But she triumphed over every obstacle by the force of her great vocal and dramatic genius.

She sang the whole opera with remarkable ability; but the fourth act, both in the singing and the acting was the crowning effort of her performance, and was immeasurably superior to the efforts of all who preceded her. Hers was a great conception of the character, and the execution was equal to the conception. As Elvira, in "Ernani," she was equally striking and original, eschewing old stereotyped forms and presenting a new reading in accordance with her conception of the character. It was a most striking and forcible representation, vocally and dramatically, and drew down the most enthusiastic demonstrations of delight and approbation. Fabbri was called out again and again before the curtain, and the applause was unmistakably genuine and hearty. The public recognize the surpassing talents of Madame Fabbri, and point to her as one of the greatest of the many fine artists who have visited our shores. Signor Stigelli, who has seceded from the Academy of Music, will have a fair opportunity to develop his superior abilities, and assume the position as first-class artist, to which he is fully entitled. He appeared with Fabbri, in "Ernani," and sang the music most admirably. His acting was also excellent. The other characters were well, though not greatly, sustained.

Madame Fabbri had a very narrow escape from a horrible death during the opera. Her dress caught fire from the footlights, and but for the promptitude and presence of mind of Stigelli a fatal result would in all probability have ensued.

We think we can say, without fear of contradiction, that Maretzek's company is admirable throughout, principals, orchestra and chorus. The scenery and general appointments are beautiful, rich and appropriate, and we trust that the brilliant audiences which throng the Winter Garden will remunerate his brilliant enterprise.

Adelina Patti, the young, the beautiful and the talented, is still the leading star, the one sufficient attraction of the Academy of Music. The last character she sustained was Amina in "La Sonnambula." It is one of her best roles; she sings the music most charmingly, and her youth throws an additional and powerful charm over the representation. It is with unqualified delight that we observe the steady onward progress, the gradual but sure development of the splendid natural abilities of Adelina Patti. Success has not spoiled her, but seems rather to have aroused her ambition to achieve the highest position in her art. She has unquestionable genius, and with judgment in limiting the amount of her labor, there is no position which her maturity may not achieve.

Of Brignoli, Amodio, Ferri and Rusini, that quartette of admirable artists, we need not speak. They are so well known and their abilities are so generally appreciated, that we need only say they continue to be as excellent as heretofore.

On Friday (this evening) Max Maretzek produces Flotow's charming opera of "Stradella." It will be a great event, for Fabbri and Stigelli sustain the principal parts, and we shall hear this delightful opera finely done for the first time.

On Saturday morning there will be a matinee at the Academy of Music, and one also at the Winter Garden. Both establishments come out on these occasions with the best strength of their respective companies.

DRAMA.

THE past week has been mainly devoted to benefits, which, we are happy to state, have the appearance of being remunerative.

At Wallack's, "Love for Love" has been revived, with, we think, rather questionable taste; the pruning knife, it is true, has been unsparingly used, but it is impossible to relieve the play of its prurency. These comedies belong to a state of society that, bad as we are, can never again obtain a footing among communities pretending to civilization. For Mr. Dyott's benefit "The School for Scandal" was admirably played to a large house. Nothing new is as yet announced, but we presume that Mr. Wallack has some "sensational" in preparation with which to wind up with eclat his unusually successful season.

At Laura Keane's, "The Colleen Bawn" attracts immense crowds; it is most carefully played, and thoroughly deserves the success it has achieved.

The Circus at Niblo's is another brilliant success; the new equestrian drama of "The Bronze Horse" having been brought out with great magnificence.

The most important event of the week was the Dramatic Fund Benefit, which took place on Thursday afternoon and evening at the Academy of Music. We were not present at the matinee, but are told that it was well attended. In the evening the house was fairly filled, but the performances were anything but satisfactory. The Signora and Signoras of the opera tropes, as usual on such occasions, failed to make their appearance, and the apology therefor was deservedly received with a shower of hisses. Nearly the entire programme was changed without warning or apology, and altogether the affair was as badly conducted as possible, the only redeeming feature being the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in the laughable piece called "Latest from New York."

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

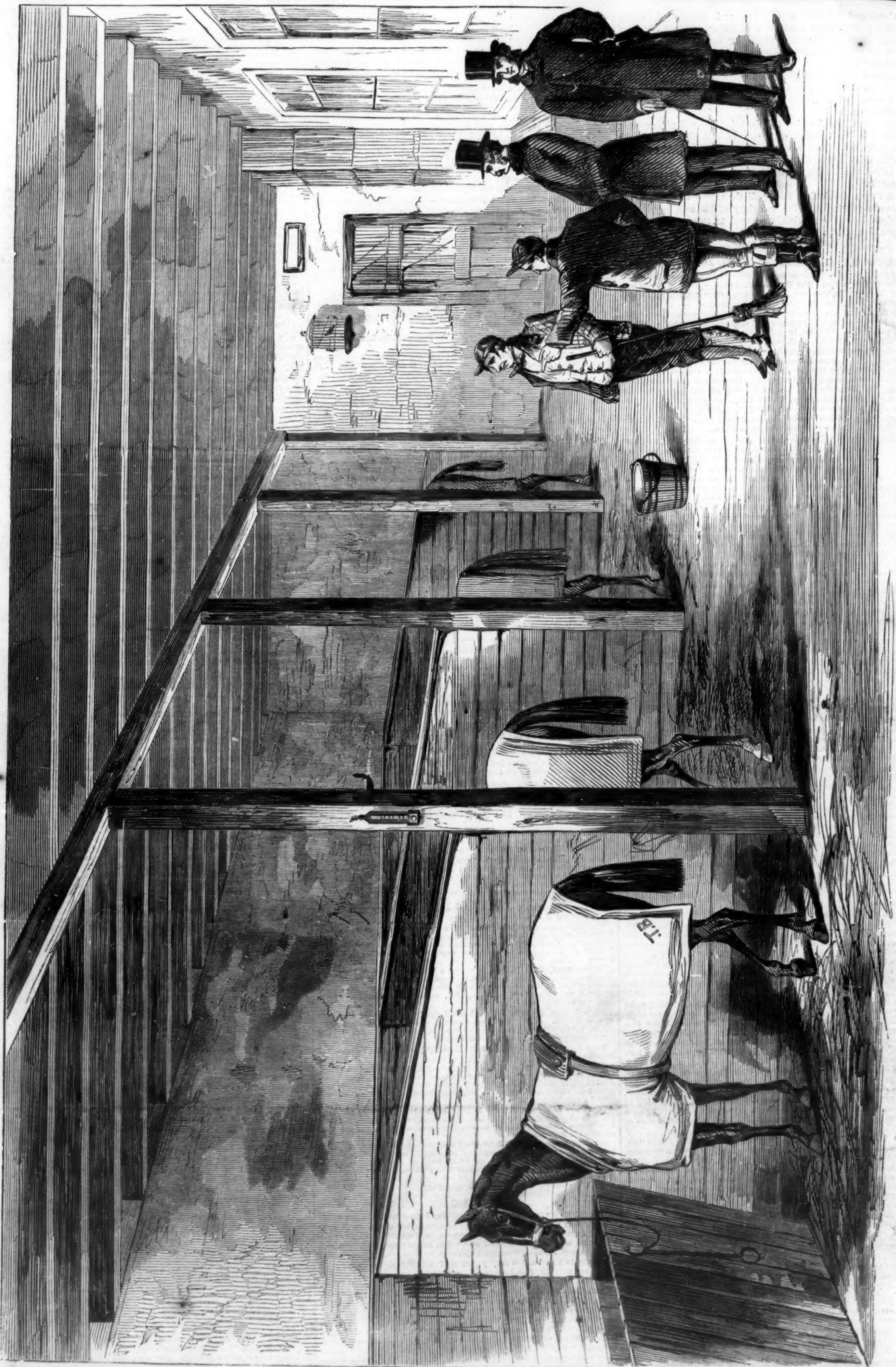
ABOUT ten years ago a merchant of New York seduced the daughter of a respectable mechanic, his equal in every respect except wealth. After a time, her repeated solicitations that he should repair the evil by marriage annoyed him, and he deserted her. To conceal her shame she suddenly left the city of her birth and went to Cincinnati, where she gave birth to a daughter. She recovered her health and strength to find that she was reduced to her last dollar. For some short time she supported herself and infant by needlework, and while in that capacity she became acquainted with a lawyer, whose apparent disinterestedness and liberality won her heart. Having accomplished his purpose, he likewise forsook her. The short time she had lived in her guilty ease had rendered labor distasteful, and, becoming intimate with one of those pests of society who grow rich by pandering to the vilest of passions, she became an inmate of one of those splendid dens of infamy which abound in all large cities. The crowning curse of intemperance she escaped, and consequently avoided those depths of degradation which invariably wait upon the impure when accelerated by wine. Last month the cause of her first fall had occasion to visit Cincinnati to settle some business affairs, and was taken by his agent there to see the elephant of that city. In the course of his rambles he visited the house where his victim was. Their recognition was of the most painful description. As she recounted her sufferings his better nature was roused, and when she showed him their child he offered to marry her, and take her to New York. They were married next day, and they are now in a neighboring city.

TWO TRAGEDIES.

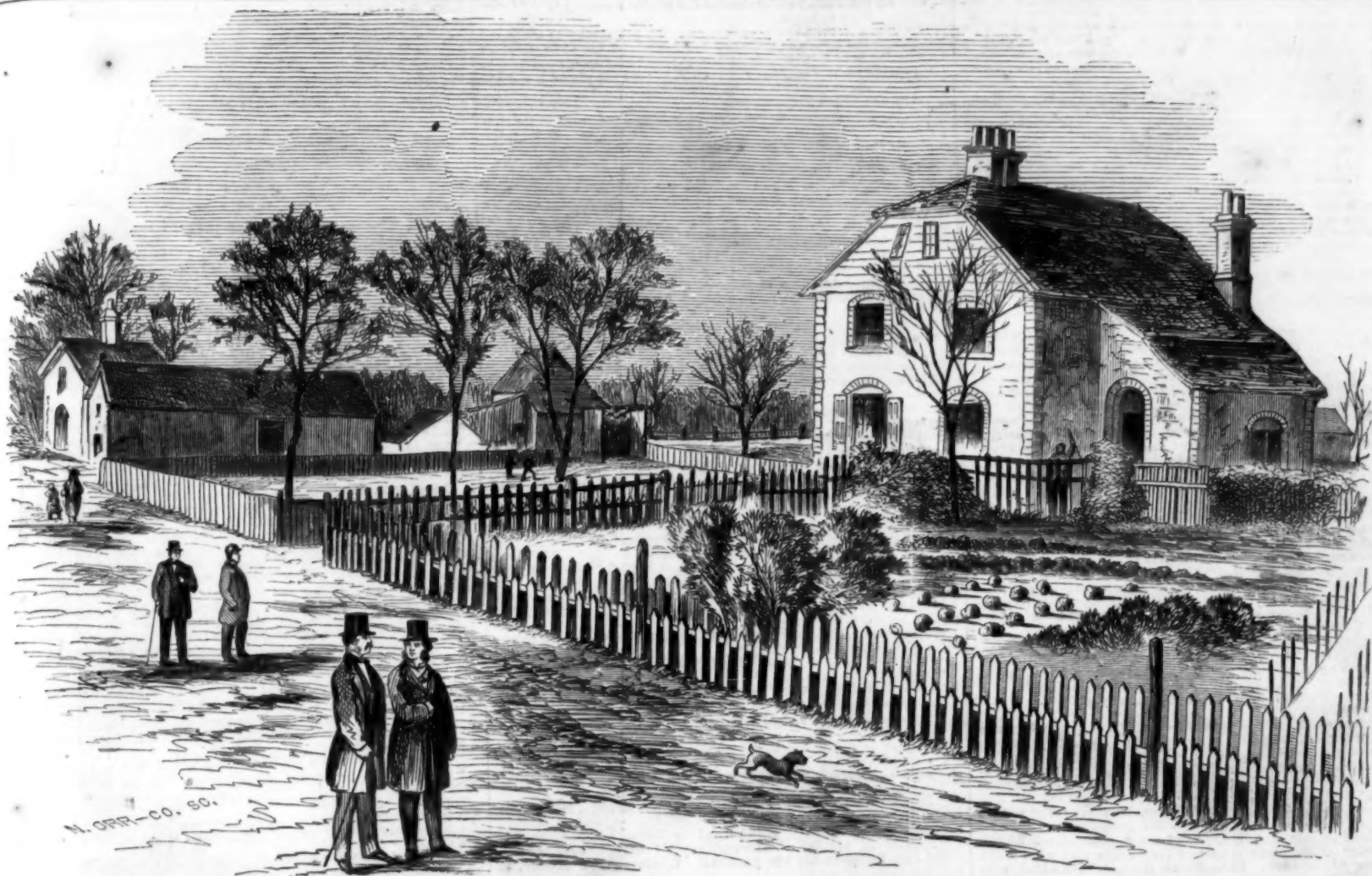
ON the 23d of March, at the same hour, in distant parts of this Republic, two persons were led out to suffer a public death for the same crimes, passion and murder. One was a young woman, Anne Bilanski, who was hanged at St. Paul's, Minnesota, for murdering her husband, Stanislaus Bilanski, in order to facilitate the indulgence of a guilty passion for her paramour, a man named Walker. It appears that the day after the funeral her conduct with her paramour was so unguarded that suspicion was aroused, and her husband's body was exhumed. The chemists pronounced that he had been killed with arsenic. She was arrested and tried. The day after her trial she escaped from the jail, and rejoined Walker, and then fled to St. Anthony, where they remained undiscovered for a week. Some indiscretion on her part led to their detection, and she was lodged in prison. There being no evidence against her wretched paramour, he was discharged. As she was the first woman sentenced to be hung in Minnesota, much sympathy was felt, and so strong was the feeling against the revolting spectacle of hanging a woman, that the Legislature actually passed a bill abolishing capital punishment; as this, however, did not receive the sanction of the Governor, it did not avail this wretched woman. On the 23d of March she was hanged at St. Paul's before a large crowd—an immense number of which were women.

At the same hour, in Wayne county, New York State, a young man only twenty-three, William Fee, was also publicly strangled for first outraging and then murdering a young woman, whose name was unknown. Strange to say, although the murder happened on the 26th of September last year, in Galen, New York State, no one has yet claimed her, nor has she in any way been recognized. Fee acknowledged the outrage, and denied the murder; but as the body was found with marks of choking on her throat, and as his character was bad, Judge, Jury and public opinion sanctioned his execution. Much blame is attached to the parents of this unhappy youth, since his mother, a Catholic, and his father, a Protestant, made their home one scene of religious discord. Both these unhappy slaves to lust died penitent, professing the Catholic faith.

On Friday Mayor Wood and several of the City Fathers paid a visit to the Brazilian corvette, now in our Bay. They were very courteously received, and after a cheerful glass, speeches were made by the Mayor to the Brazilians, and by the Brazilian captain to the Americans, which, as neither one understood what the other said, must have been very edifying.



INTERIOR OF TEN BROEK'S STABLES OF AMERICAN HORSES AT NEWMARKET, ENGLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 342.



TRAINING QUARTERS OF TOM SAYERS, AT NEWMARKET—MRS. LEVICK'S COTTAGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 344.

THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

CHAPTER XL.

By Roman women in the days of Horace were celebrated for their beauty, and we can confidently assert that, down to the present

day, their descendants do not shame them. However philosophers, cynics, and, worse than either, old bachelors, may affect to despise it, beauty is a glorious inheritance—an instrument for good or evil—a mask or a mirror, as its possessor uses it.

We are about to introduce our readers to a personage who, at the period of our hero's visit to Italy, obtained an unenviable celebrity for the perversion of the extraordinary gifts Nature had endowed her with to the worst purposes; pleading her faithlessness as a wife before the Rota—the Supreme Court of Rome—as a justification for concealing the birth of her son and grasping his inheritance.

The Princess Caesarini is no imaginary character. But few years have elapsed since the grave closed over her, and the recollection of her crimes is still fresh in the higher circles of the Roman nobility, where they whisper her name whenever any curious traveller asks the cause of the deep melancholy stamped on the features of her son, the present Prince and Hereditary Grand Gonfaloniere of Rome.

In a chamber overlooking the courtyard of one of those gloomy old palaces erected by the warlike barons of the middle ages as the princess. Although forty years had passed over her, Time, as



PAYING THE LAST INSTALLMENT OF THE STAKES AT OWEN SWIFT'S, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 30TH ULT.—GEORGE WILKES, EDITOR OF "WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," AND MR. DOWLING, EDITOR OF "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON," BEING PRESENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 344.

loth to touch her person, had laid his hand most gently upon her. She was still beautiful—wondrously beautiful; Juan has never been represented by the painter or the sculptor's cunning skill with a more stately form; the bust was faultless, and the face such as imagination would have given to Cornelia or the wife of Cato—oval, delicately chiselled, and of that transparent paleness so remarkable in the female aristocracy of Rome. She wore a loose dress of plain black velvet and satin, without jewels or ornament of any kind, and appeared deeply interested in the contents of a letter.

It was the third time she had perused it.

"At last," she murmured, with a sigh, "I see my way through the tangled maze of difficulty and danger. The fear that for years has haunted me is fading to a shadow; soon shall it disappear and haunt my dreams no more. His rashness has destroyed him. But I must act vigorously, and at once. Juan! Juan!"

A gray-headed domestic made his appearance from the ante-chamber in answer to her summons.

"Has Signor Luigi been sent for?" she demanded.

"The messenger of the princess has not yet returned," said the old man respectfully.

The lady noticed his reply by a slight movement of impatience only.

"But Mariam is waiting," added the speaker.

"Admit him."

Juan quitted the room to obey the order he had received with an air of such evident reluctance that his mistress noticed it. Mariam was the Chief of the Police, and, next to the Governor of the Eternal City, the most powerful personage in the civil government. Never was a functionary more dreaded for cruelty or unscrupulous venality. There was scarcely a crime for which gold, under his administration, would not purchase immunity. The vulture's scent of sarrion was not more keen than his for gold, and he had hastened with alacrity to the Caesarini Palace. Its owner was immensely rich, and, as he suspected, had occasion for his services.

There was something stealthy and catlike in the step with which he entered the apartment—an affectation of humility in his bow to its occupant.

"I am informed by the Podesta of Boletro, my fief near Albano, that a double assassination has been committed," said the princess. "Have you heard anything of the circumstances?"

"The police hear everything that passes in the city and its neighborhood," replied her visitor. "The men were the two assassins who stabbed the young Englishman a few nights since in the Colosseum. They had ventured to the festa, and met their fate from his friends. The authorities are much indebted to them—they have spared the Government the trouble."

"And do you intend to take no notice of the perpetrators?"

"None whatever," replied the Chief of the Police. "Unless," he added, with a peculiar emphasis, "circumstances, which I cannot at present foresee, should give importance to the affair."

"It is of importance to me," observed the lady gravely.

Her visitor bowed.

"The crime was committed upon my lands," continued the beautiful speaker; "the inhabitants, who feel deeply outraged, naturally look to me for redress."

"Your highness possesses the right of high and low justice over your own fief," answered her visitor, "and have only to instruct your bailiff."

"You mock me," interrupted his hearer, hastily. "The right—the feudal right—indeed remains, but the power to enforce it is suppressed. The late Pontiff deprived the Roman princes, as you are well aware, of the last remnant of their authority; what is left them is merely its shadow. Caro, Signor Mariam," she added, with a condescending smile, "really you must see justice done."

The functionary could scarcely repress the satisfaction he felt at the word "Caro." From the lips of the princess, whose pride was proverbial, he estimated it at a thousand scudi at the very least.

"Alas! madam, the culprits are Englishmen."

"Not all," said her highness.

"True, one was a youth, known in the studios and to the artists by the name of Carlo, a poverty-stricken wretch, without fortune or patrons. How he contrives to exist is a miracle."

"Arrest him, bring him to trial, drive him from Rome, and I am satisfied," exclaimed the haughty beauty.

"If brought to trial and found guilty, the punishment will be death," quietly observed the chief of the police, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Be it so," answered the Princess Caesarini, after a pause, during which she appeared to be struggling with some powerful emotion; "each one must answer for his crimes."

"Nothing would afford me greater happiness than to oblige your highness," replied her visitor; "but Government has its hands full already. The thing is impossible, or nearly so."

"Signor Mariam," said the lady, rising, "let us understand each other; there are few things impossible in Rome to those who have energy and means to aid it. It is a point of honor with me that this outrage, committed on the lands of my fief, should not pass unpunished. At what price do you estimate the service I require?"

The functionary winced. He was used to being bribed—in fact, it was a circumstance of almost daily occurrence—but the manner of proposing it shocked him. In no city in the world is convenience more observed than in Rome.

"Ah, madame!" he ejaculated.

"Put it in what form you please," she added, "only answer me."

"It would require great tact; several Englishmen, as I before observed, being mixed up with it. The men who were slain, too, were assassins resisting an arrest."

"Which those who killed them were unauthorised to make," again interrupted the princess, impatiently.

"True."

"For a thousand scudi, and the great desire I feel to oblige your highness."

"Agreed. A thousand scudi for the service and for the pleasure of obliging me. My thanks," said the beautiful Circe, sarcastically. "To be paid the day Carlo—I think you said that was the name of the culprit—is condemned."

"To death?" demanded the head of the Roman police.

"To death or banishment—immaterial which."

"Will the Princess Caesarini give me her written promise to that effect?" demanded the functionary.

"Do you doubt my word?"

"No."

"My ability, perhaps?"

"Neither, madame," said Signor Mariam; "but even the Caesarini are not immortal—I must have some security."

"I will meet you half way," said the lady, with a forced smile; "five hundred to be paid on his arrest, and the remaining sum after the trial."

These conditions were agreed to, and the domestic was once more summoned to conduct the visitor from the palace. In a few minutes he returned, and found his mistress standing in the centre of the apartment, with her eyes fixed upon a portrait of herself, painted in the first bloom of girlhood—ere passion had seared her heart with its hot brand, or worldly interests corrupted the purity of her nature.

So absorbed was she by the train of thoughts that came crowding on her brain, that she did not notice his reappearance in the saloon.

"Ah, madame!" sighed the old man; "you were not less good than beautiful when that was taken."

These words recalled the princess to herself, and her dark eyes flashed angrily upon the witness of what she considered her weakness.

"You forget yourself strangely, Juan," she observed.

"Age has its privileges as well as rank!" exclaimed the old man, sinking upon his knees. "Lady, I have served you long and faithfully—served you to the perils of my salvation. Have you no heart? Is the voice of nature dumb within you? Reflect before you heap this guilt upon your soul. Is it not enough to have deprived the poor youth of his birthright—to have condemned him to poverty so abject that even your menials might pity him? Will nothing less than his death content you? Your own son?"

A deadly paleness overspread the features of the unnatural mother. It was but a momentary compunction, and passed away almost as soon as the words that awakened it.

"Why not send him from Italy?" added the speaker.

"He refuses to quit Rome," answered his mistress, hoarsely.

"His presence is a reproach—a fear to me; he has refused to place seas between us. The grave must now divide us. No more of this," she continued, with a violent effort to master her weakness. "You are growing old, Juan, and forgetful; the city is no longer a fitting residence for you. I will arrange for your removal to my villa on the Alban hills, where you may pass your days in tranquillity, which

I, with all the wealth and splendor for which my parents sold me, can never hope to know."

The tone of forced kindness in which the proposal was made did not escape the notice of the aged domestic, and his eyes sparkled resentfully as he bowed in apparent gratitude for her promise.

"You are right, excellenza," he replied; "I am growing old and forgetful. Signor Luigi is in the ante-chamber."

"And overheard our conversation?"

"Not a word, princess—not a syllable," said the domestic, drawing aside the velvet portiere, embroidered in the centre with the arms of the Caesarini, to prove that he had closed the door of the saloon after him.

"Admit him," exclaimed the lady, impatiently.

The lawyer of the Ripetta entered the apartment with a very different air from the chief of the police; there was nothing cringing or subservient in his bow; on the contrary, he spoke and bore himself like one conversing with an equal, and yet with the deference due to the sex of his client.

"I am glad you are come," said the princess, pointing to a chair—a politeness she had not thought necessary to show her previous visitor. "My intentions in favor of the young painter, Carlo, you tell me, are defeated—he refuses to quit Rome?"

"Positively."

"I can interest myself no further in his behalf," she observed, in a tone of affected indifference. "By the bye, have you discovered the abode of the old woman who nursed him?"

"I have seen her grave," replied Signor Luigi.

A smile of satisfaction curled the lip of his hearer.

"She died in great poverty," he added; "her foster-son struggled hard to support her, and the consequence was they all but starved together. And yet she might have been rich," he added, "would she have consented to part with the only clue to the parents of Carlo."

"I thought he was an orphan," coolly observed his hearer.

"Reputed so," replied the lawyer; "reputed so. He was placed under the care of old Paulina by a woman who called herself his mother. For several years she was in the habit of visiting the infant at distant intervals, and displayed considerable affection towards him. Occasionally she wrote to his nurse."

"The fool!" mentally ejaculated the lady.

"Her name was Maria Grazie," continued her informant, in almost apologetic tones, as if fearful of fatiguing her highness, by relating circumstances totally uninteresting to her. "After her death, a few years since, a priest offered the poor woman a large sum of money for the letters."

Suddenly the princess appeared deeply attentive to his narrative.

"And she parted with them?"

"No; she kept them till her death."

"And who has them now?"

"Doubtless some friend or relative," replied the wily lawyer; "but if your highness feels the least interested—"

"Interested, Signor Luigi?"

"Or curious—"

"Neither interested nor curious," said the haughty woman. "The pity I once felt for the young and clever artist has been obliterated by his crime."

The visitor slowly repeated the word.

"He was one of the band of villains who murdered the two peasants at the festa of Boletro."

"They were assassins," urged Luigi.

"Natives of my fief of Albano," replied the princess, coolly, "and I am bound to see him punished. Whatever their offence, he was not their judge."

The old man made no reply; and his silence appeared particularly embarrassing to the speaker, who, having once more declared her determination of bringing the unfortunate Carlo to justice, dismissed her visitor with a sharp reprimand for supposing that she felt the slightest interest in obtaining the papers, which he hinted might possibly be purchased for a large sum of money.

"She thinks she has checkmated me, and can do without me," he said, as he descended the marble staircase of the Caesarini Palace. "Ah! she little knows Luigi! If I thought the young fellow would only prove grateful; but then the cost—Umph! I dare not risk it!"

"It might repay you," whispered Juan, who was conducting him from the presence of his mistress, and overheard the half-muttered observation.

The lawyer started, and looked cautiously round, to assure himself they were not observed.

"Did you speak that from your heart?" he asked, in the same undertone.

"And soul, too," answered the domestic.

"Then meet me at my house in the Ripetta," said the former, "and between us we will consider what can best be done."

The invitation was at once accepted.

"Ah—ah!" thought Signor Luigi, as he passed into the street; "I am not checkmated yet."

"You are too old for the city, Juan," said the aged servant, repeating the words of his mistress, "and I must provide for you a retreat at my villa amid the Alban hills. Too old! we shall see—we shall!"

These observations were made to himself, as the speaker remounted the grand staircase of the Caesarini Palace.

The poor artist, Carlo, appeared to have inherited the friendship Oliver and Phil had felt for Ernest. The death of the latter gradually knit their hearts together in bonds of closest amity; and the young Englishmen frequently escaped from the crowded ball-room, or tedious conversations, to pass a few hours with their friend at the Café Greco, where they occasionally met the elder Austin, whom grief for the loss of his son had so changed that it was evident to all who knew him that the light—the strong incentive to existence—had passed away; and yet he had lost nothing of his energy. On the contrary, it had, if possible, increased, and was marked by that nervous restlessness which, to observant eyes, displays the wound it affects to hide.

At the café they scarcely exchanged a word. The correspondence they had undertaken to receive and transmit for the Carbonari was arranged on their daily visits to Alfred Belgioso, who not only approved, but promised to promote by every means in his power Phil's attachment for his sister.

"Once let Italy be free," exclaimed the enthusiastic exile, "and I will give her to you beneath the dome of Milan."

It was a glorious dream, but one the speaker was not destined to see realized. A dozen times within the memory of man has independence dawned upon that unhappy country, and as often been clouded. There is not a great power of Europe but at times has smiled upon her efforts, and betrayed them.

England, we regret to add, is not excepted from the blame. Her conduct to the Genoese who trusted to her promises, is a dark page in her diplomatic history. Castlereagh directed her foreign policy at the time.

We need add nothing further.

One evening, as the two young Englishmen were sauntering up the Via Condotti, in the direction of the café, a lad—almost a child—placed a letter in the hand of Oliver, and then ran hastily away.

"A conquest," exclaimed his companion.

"More likely a petition," replied his friend, "asking alms in a sonnet. Is it not strange that, in the city where Petrarch wore the purple robe and laurel crown poets should be beggars?"

Visitors of distinction are frequently congratulated by a copy of verses on their arrival in Rome—an indirect way of asking charity. Young travellers feel flattered, and are caught by them; but experienced ones take no notice of them.

On reaching the Greco, Oliver examined the paper, and found that it was not intended for himself, but inscribed—

"To be given to the artist, Carlo."

"For you," he said, handing it to its address.

The contents ran thus:

"You will be arrested to-night for your participation in the punishment of the assassins of Ernest Austin. Make no resistance; should you be rash enough to do so, you are lost. An enemy, who has long persecuted you, has bribed the police to action. When questioned before the chief of the police, boldly declare your right to execute justice upon the murderers of your friend."

"Follow the advice of one who has watched over you for years, and who in the hour of danger will be found near you."

"The jest is a poor one," observed Carlo, reading it aloud. "An enemy! as if I had ever been of sufficient importance to have an enemy! Could I believe it, it would almost make me vain. Besides," he added, "why should I be singled out when there were so many present?"

"And why should any one take the trouble to mystify you?" asked an old man, who was seated at one end of the table, near

him. "It is no longer carnival. Much may be gained by following a caution—nothing by neglecting one."

With this observation the speaker, who was no other than Juan, quitted the café, leaving his hearers impressed with the idea that he had not given his advice without some surer ground than an anonymous warning. Oliver and Phil were of the same opinion.

All doubts upon the subject of the intended arrest were solved by the appearance of a party of carabinieri at the entrance of the Greco. The officer who commanded them and the exempt were the only persons who entered the place; their escort remained, with their weapons unslung and ready for use, at the door.

There was a general silence amongst the frequenters of the café. "Carlo, commonly called Carlo il Pitore," said the exempt, "I arrest you in the name of our sovereign, Gregory XVI, and the law."

"Upon what charge?" demanded our hero, indignantly.

"Murder, signor."

"Ridiculous!" replied the young Englishman. "The ruffians whose lives were taken were notorious assassins—their hands red with the blood of his dearest friend. Why is Carlo singled out?—a hundred were present and assisted."

"Name them," said the officer of justice.

"I cannot do that," exclaimed Oliver; "I am not a spy of the police to denounce my friends! But I will denounce myself," he added; "I was present."

"And I," said Phil.

"There was a general, though subdued murmur of applause, and the exempt called upon his escort to stand to their arms."

"There will be no need of violence, signor," observed Luigi, advancing from the inner room. "These gentlemen are far too sensible not to perceive the utter madness of resistance—the folly, as well as crime, of giving you an excuse for firing upon the inmates of the café. Should such be their intention," he added, "I entreat they will delay it till I have passed into the street."

The officer colored to the temples. The chief of police, in his impatience to touch the thousand scudi, had given him instructions to shoot his prisoner on the slightest sign of resistance.

"I submit at once!" exclaimed Carlo, "and obey the law. No violence, no danger must be incurred on my account."

"You have decided wisely, young man," observed the lawyer; "and, although I have long since retired from my profession, I will appear once more at the bar to defend you. Signor Exempt," he added, "I am a witness that the arrest was peaceably made. I shall hold you answerable for the safety of my client."

It was not without a severe struggle between prudence and indignation that many of the young artists and sculptors, friends of Carlo, permitted him to be carried off without an attempt to rescue him; but the advice of Luigi prevailed. The young Englishman alone insisted on accompanying the prisoner to the entrance of the prison—a resolution the lawyer by signs and looks encouraged.

"Only to think," said Carlo, as they marched along the Corso, "of my being deemed of sufficient importance for an exempt and a guard of carabinieri!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the officer, in a brutal tone.

"Obey him; not another word," whispered Signor Luigi, nervously.

"Surely I may speak."

"He only seeks an excuse to murder you," added the old man, in the same undertone; "do not give it him. Once in the prison you are safe."

The official appeared in anything but an amiable humor when the guard arrived at the gates of the prison. As a member of the Roman bar, Signor Luigi had a right to enter the greffe, and a heavy weight appeared removed from his mind when he saw his client regularly transferred from the custody of the Exempt to that of the jailor.

"Tell Signor Mariam from me," he said, "that I shall hold him personally responsible should any foul play be offered my client. A thousand scudi would not repay him the risk. All we ask is a fair and open trial. You may add, also, that I have taken steps he cannot defeat to place the whole affair before the eyes of his Holiness."

The peculiar reputation in Rome which the speaker enjoyed gave weight to every word he uttered, and the officer of justice reported them faithfully to his superior, who had commenced rating him soundly for not executing his orders.

The chief of the police began to reflect. Luigi, he well knew, was not a person to speak lightly or to meddle in the affairs of a poor painter unless money was to be made by him. Then his naming of the sum—a thousand scudi.

"Perhaps, after all," he said, "it is better as it is. At present I have only done my duty, and they can't well disgrace me for that."

With this reflection he dismissed his subordinate.

"Signor Luigi," said Oliver, as they retraced their steps together towards the Via Condotti, "you have acted nobly."

"Do you think so?"

"Most undoubtedly."

The lawyer gave a dry cough.

"But you shall not lose your fee by your benevolence: my friend and myself will undertake the expenses of poor Carlo's defence."

"Gladly," said Phil, "if it costs me my last scudo."

The old man regarded them for an instant with an expression of sadness upon his withered features. Perhaps he thought of the time when he, too, possessed a heart capable of generous impulse and self-devotion.

"Inglesi," he murmured. "Yes, yes; with all their eccentricities, pride and coldness, the semi-barbarians, whom we affect to despise, exceed us Romans now in all that is true and noble. Strange that it should prove so!"

"Not if you have read history rightly," observed our hero. "Slavery degrades a people even more rapidly than freedom elevates them."

"Hush! there is danger in such thoughts," exclaimed the lawyer, nervously.

"Danger in speaking of freedom in Rome!" said Phil, in a tone of sarcasm. "And yet you wonder at the degeneracy of her sons? Why not—?"

"Dreams!" interrupted the old man, "dreams! they haunted me long ago, but I resisted their influence, and rose to wealth and consideration. I had almost forgotten them," he added.

"And why should they be dreams?"

"Because Europe has no sympathy with the wrongs of Italy. It has not forgiven her for having once been mistress of the world."

"Which she might be again," replied Oliver, "at least, intellectually."

Signor Luigi smiled sadly. He had listened to such words before, and seen the speakers expire with them in their hearts and on their lips.

"Enough of this," he murmured, looking round him, uneasily. "Let us speak of your friend Carlo. He will be brought before the governor in the morning. You will be present?"

"If possible."

"The court is an open one; warn those who were his companions at the festa to attend. Their presence may be of service."

"You anticipate his acquittal, then?"

"Perhaps," said the lawyer, "perhaps. At any rate, there will be a scandal that will vibrate through every grade of society in Rome till it reaches the ears of the pontiff. It is a great object to accomplish that, for I have faith in the justice of Gregory XVI."

At this assertion the young Englishmen uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You do not know him," continued the speaker; "he retains upon the throne the simple virtues of the poor Celestine monk—his faults are those of his position."

"And in what consists the scandal?" demanded Phil.

"The noblest names will be compromised in it," answered Luigi, evasively.

"And Carlo?"

"Has been made a victim."

Despite their entreaties, and the skill with which they questioned him, the young Englishmen could elicit nothing further from the lawyer, who was reputed to possess the clue to more secrets in Rome than the Holy Office itself. It was whispered that the Pope himself, in cases of difficulty, sometimes deigned to consult him.

The old man accompanied his companions as far as their hotel, where he took leave of them. They would fain have escorted him to his abode in the Ripetta.

"I need no guard," he observed; "and if I did, could easily procure one; there is not a faquin in Rome but would rejoice at the opportunity of risking his life to serve me."

"Are you generally beloved, then?" asked our hero, with surprise.

"I am feared!" answered the lawyer; "and fear is sometimes

stronger than the sceptre. Good night. Fall not the tribunal of the governor in the morning."

On entering the hotel the two friends at once related to their guardian the adventure of the night—the arrest of the young painter, and the extraordinary part that Signor Luigi had taken in it.

"In offering to share the imprisonment of your friend," said Major Henderson, "I cannot blame you; it was the act of youth, prompted by high thoughts and generous impulse. It is time we quitted Rome," he added.

The young men regarded each other with a look of dismay. They were bound to remain in the Eternal City as long as their presence would be needful to the plans of the Carbonari.

CHAPTER XLII.

On taking his seat in the court the following morning, the delegate of the Governor of Rome—for that illustrious personage rarely condescends to preside himself—was not a little surprised to observe the crowd of artists and students that filled it. He looked at the chief of the police, as if to request an explanation, but the features of Signor Mariani maintained their usual calm and fixed expression. The warning of the lawyer had alarmed him; and he determined to confine himself strictly within the line of his duties.

The instant Carlo was led forth, several hands were stretched forth to grasp him, and amongst others those of the two young Englishmen.

What still further added to the uneasiness of the judge was the entrance of Luigi, dressed in the costume of a member of the Roman bar. Years had elapsed since he had pleaded.

"Of what is the prisoner accused?" inquired the judge.

"Murder," replied the chief of the police, in a distinct voice. The evidence was gone into, the podestà and a number of villagers—relations and friends of the assassins of Ernest—swore to the fact of the young painter's presence at the festa, accompanied by a crowd of young men from Rome, amongst whom were several foreigners.

"We were all present," exclaimed at least a dozen voices.

"Silence!" cried the judge, indignant at such unusual boldness. To his surprise, the declaration was repeated more clamorously than before.

"Have you any explanation to offer, prisoner, to this most serious charge?" he demanded.

Carlo hesitated for a moment.

"Speak!"

"They were the murderers of my friend," he replied at last—"the young Englishman assassinated a few weeks since in the Colosseum."

"And who had been sheltered, by the connivance of the police, in the hospital of San Spirito," exclaimed a deep voice at the entrance end of the hall—a reply the judge did not think proper to hear.

"It was an affair for the authorities, not a private individual," observed the delegate.

"I acted on my right!" exclaimed the prisoner, following to the letter the advice carried out in the mysterious warning.

"Right?" repeated the astonished functionary.

"Which I call upon my advocate to explain."

"You are trifling with the court."

"Pardon, monsignore," said Luigi, advancing to the front of the tribunal, "it is the court which is in error in sitting in judgment on a case beyond its competency to decide. The prisoner has spoken truly. The Prince Cesarini was acting strictly on his right in arresting two murderers on the lands of his fief of Albano. If they resisted and were slain, the crime was theirs—not his."

"Prince Cesarini? Whom mean you?"

"The prisoner, monsignore," replied the lawyer, in the same unmoved tone, "whom I declare to be Prince Cesarini, Hereditary Grand Gonfaloniere of Rome, a prince of the empire, and consequently amenable to no other tribunal for his acts than the Rota."

A faint cry from the lips of a female closely veiled, who had been intently watching the proceedings, fell on the quick ear of the speaker, and caused him to look round.

"Arrest her!" he shouted.

Unfortunately the order was drowned by the succession of loud cheers which broke from the friends of Carlo on hearing the declaration of his illustrious birth; and the woman had time to escape.

Again the judge commanded silence.

"Had this declaration been made by a citizen less respectable and distinguished than yourself, Signor Luigi," he observed, "I should have treated it with contempt—as the raving of a madman. From you," he added, "I am bound to take note of it."

The advocate bowed.

"With what proofs do you support your assertion?"

"The oath of the physician who assisted at his birth, and the letters of his mother's confidential waiting-woman to Paulina, his nurse."

Signor Luigi handed several papers to one of the ushers of the court, who passed them to the judge.

"These are copies only," observed the latter, after perusing them.

"I never part with originals," replied the lawyer, drily; "accidents are so frequent—they might be lost, mislaid or destroyed."

"Do you doubt the integrity of the police?" demanded Signor Mariani, with an outbreak of temper it would have been wiser to suppress.

"It is years since I had any doubts upon the subject," was the somewhat equivocal reply, which set the spectators in a roar of laughter, for, with the exception of the few foreigners, scarcely a person present but knew from bitter experience the corruption and venality of the whole system.

"The allegations you have made are so extraordinary," said the judge, "that the court will take time before it decides. The prisoner must be remanded to prison."

"At this decision there was a loud murmur of discontent."

"I demand his liberation upon security!" exclaimed Luigi.

"It was to no purpose that the advocate quoted the law, which appeared decidedly in his favor. The deputy of the governor proved inflexible."

"Do not let food or drink pass your lips," whispered the former to his bewildered client, as he took his leave of him, "till you see me again. I am not defeated yet."

"My mother!" murmured Carlo. "Tell me, oh! tell me of her!"

"A sad story, and I have no time to waste upon it now," answered Luigi. "Above all, mistrust any communication from the Princess Cesarini; she is your greatest enemy."

The unhappy youth, who felt the momentary hope that had sprung within his heart thus rudely blighted, bowed his head in sorrow, and permitted himself to be led away by the guards, who, on a signal from the chief of police, had closed around him.

The wily lawyer knew that Signor Mariani was in the habit of reporting personally to Gregory XVI. all that occurred in Rome. The time generally chosen for these gossiping interviews was usually the evening walk of the Pontiff in the gardens of the Vatican, which, with a liberality certain constitutional governments would do well to imitate, are open to the public. Any respectable person is permitted to enter them whilst the Sovereign is taking his exercise, and Luigi determined to be present. Being personally known to the Pope, he trusted to attract his attention.

The event turned out as he wished, and the advocate of Carlo had the advantage of stating his cause to his holiness in person, who listened attentively, asked several questions, and appeared deeply interested.

"And where is the young man now?"

"Still in prison, holy father, although I offered security for his liberation; but the chief of police has been bribed by his unnatural mother."

"Is this true?" demanded Gregory, turning to Mariani. "I perceive it is," he added, sternly. "It is well for you you have not added to your fault by a lie—a lie I never pardon."

The abashed functionary muttered something about the princess having offered him a *buono mano*.

"You will release the young man instantly," concluded the Pope, "upon his advocate giving security in five thousand crowns—I fix the sum myself. For the rest, the affair is beyond your province; I refer it to the supreme tribunal of the Rota."

"In which case, holy father," observed the lawyer, "I pledge my reputation to prove that Carlo—hitherto known by no other name than that of Il Pitore, or the painter—is really and truly the son of the late Prince Cesarini."

"And his mother?"

"Concealed his birth in order to inherit the vast wealth of her husband, whom she married with no other view. Since his death her life has been a scandal."

Gregory XVI. frowned. He was a man of strict and irreproachable morals, and inclined to be severe upon offenders.

"Mariani," he said, "approach. I hold you answerable—mind, personally answerable—for the safety of the claimant to the Cesarini title; also for that of his advocate."

Signor Luigi endeavored to conceal the smile of satisfaction that played round his thin lips.

"If he proves his claim," continued the august speaker, "it shall be acknowledged, though all the nobility of Rome attempt to stifle the flagrant scandal. Should he prove an impostor, the galleys are his doom."

Having uttered these words, the predecessor of Pio Nono in the chair of St. Peter motioned to the captain of the Swiss guard to precede him, and returned to the palace.

For several minutes the head of the police and the advocate regarded each other in silence.

"Why should we be enemies?" observed the former; "I cannot perceive the necessity."

"Nor I," replied Luigi; "especially since the holy father has referred the cause to the Rota."

"The Princess Cesarini is a most detestable person."

"Wretched," said the lawyer.

"And mean."

"Her son, on the contrary, has a most liberal disposition, and will amply reward all who assist him in establishing his rights."

"Is that your own real opinion, signor?"

"I have risked five thousand crowns upon it."

The answer appeared unanswerable to the head of the police, who at once declared himself heart and soul devoted to the interests of Carlo, whom he proceeded at once to liberate from prison.

When Oliver and Phil returned to their hotel after the extraordinary scene in the court, they were met by Peter Marl, who informed them that Philip was waiting to see them, with a message from Mr. Austin.

"He appears sadly changed, poor fellow," added the old soldier, by way of commentary, "since the loss of his young master. I have given him all that remains of my stock of Virginia to see if that will console him."

The friends smiled at the speaker's idea of consolation, and hastened to seek the messenger, whom they discovered seated in one of the ante-chambers, his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Philip," said our hero, perceiving that he did not notice them. The faithful domestic started at the sound of his name.

"I am afraid you think me disrespectful, gentlemen," he observed, with a sigh; "but I did not intend to be so."

"That we are sure of."

"My master desires to see you."

"Both?"

"Both," repeated the messenger, at the same time making one of the signs by which the members of the Carbonari recognized each other. "You must come with speed. Bad news has arrived, I am afraid," he added, lowering his voice; "not that it matters now."

His hearers hastened at once to the house in the Via Condottii, where they found Mr. Austin and the chiefs of the order impatiently waiting their arrival.

"Austria and France are playing into each other's hands," said the former, as soon as the door of the sanctum was closed. "Louis Philippe fears the success of the liberals more than the aggrandizement of his imperial rival, and will not prevent his intervention in the affairs of Italy. The order requires a double service at your hands—after the accomplishment of which it proposes to relieve you from your obligations as members of it."

"Have we ever failed in them?" demanded Oliver, firmly.

"Never," replied the three chiefs with one voice.

"And yet," said the Englishman, "they must prove irksome to you, for they fetter your action and will. In releasing you from them, it by no means severs your connection; it merely relieves you from your oaths of implicit obedience."

Both the young men felt that such an act would really be a relief, and demanded to be informed of the nature of the service expected from them.

"A journey to Naples and Persia."

"Taken together?"

"No; separately. The Government is thoroughly informed of the intended movements. No native of Italy can obtain a passport; as Englishmen, your case is different."

"When must we set forth?" inquired Phil.

"To-night."

"And the letters will be delivered to you beyond the city walls."

This precaution proved a necessary one, for, contrary to general usage, not only the saddle-bags, but the persons of the two travellers were strictly searched on quitting the gates of the Eternal City, about a mile from which Mr. Austin met them.

"I would have undertaken this somewhat perilous journey myself," he observed, "but imperative circumstances detain me in Rome. Farewell," he added, after giving them each the letters they were to take charge of; "when next we meet Italy will be free, or another dream have ended."

The tone of sadness in which he spoke indicated that he cared not how soon.

For nearly an hour the two friends rode together in the same direction, till they came to a road where it was absolutely necessary for them to part. Phil's journey was the longest; but he had insisted upon choosing it, in the hope of meeting Bianca, who had quitted Rome, with her mother and uncle, for Naples.

It was the first time for years they had been separated, and something very like an anticipation of evil fell upon the heart of each.

"I wish we had not undertaken this journey," said our hero, as he wrung the hand of his companion, "or were to perform it together. Good-bye! Providence watch over you."

"And over you," repeated Phil.

We must leave the latter to pursue his way alone, and follow his friend upon his way to the camp of the insurgents.

It was at daybreak, a few miles from Perugia, that Oliver first came in sight of the army of insurgents, and a more picturesque sight never presented itself to the poet's or the painter's gaze than their rude encampment, scattered over the broken, undulating ground.

Groups of artists and students irregularly armed, peasants without other weapons than their forks and scythes, mingled with a few military-looking men, were listening to an impassioned address from the Capuchin monk, Father Isidore, who had quitted his convent to accompany the Carbonari.

Near to the orator were Louis Napoleon and his elder brother, Count Pepoli and Alfred Belgioso.

The latter sprang forward the instant he recognized our hero, and warmly welcomed him to the army of liberators.

Silently pressing his hand, the messenger hastened forward and presented his letters to the princes. The first was from the Queen Hortense, their mother, entreating them on no account to yield to the counsels of those who wished them to resign the command of their little army.

"Your safety," continued the writer, "depends upon your following my advice. I have seen a letter from the Austrian ambassador, in which is the following passage:

"Those young men who still fancy themselves imperial princes, if taken prisoners, will soon find what they really are by the manner in which we shall treat them."

The paragraph quoted is historical. Who can wonder after reading it at the bitter, persevering enmity shown by Louis Napoleon against Austria, whose generals, had he fallen into their hands, would have shot him like a dog.

The caution of Hortense came too late—her sons had already resigned the command of the insurgents to Lucagnani.

The second letter was, if possible, still more important. It conveyed from a sure source the information that Austria was about to enter the Papal States to re-establish order.

"The cause is lost then," observed the elder Napoleon.

"Not yet," replied the more hopeful Louis. "Were we once masters of Rome and the person of the Pontiff, we might make terms with the hated Austrians. Stay!" he added, regarding the paper more closely, "here is something that escaped me."

At the bottom of the paper, written faintly in pencil, were the following words:

"Louis Philippe secretly approves of the interference of Austria, and will make no movement, till too late, to be of any service to the insurgents."

"So," exclaimed the younger brother, "the Citizen King and the Cabinet of Vienna understand each other. If we cannot promote the cause, we can, at least, save it from contempt, by dying bravely for it."

Little did he then imagine the future that was reserved for him.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Much excitement was occasioned last Thursday by the discovery of a female body, nearly nude, in a state of decomposition, in the North River, just off the Cunard dock. It had been fastened by a rope, which was tied round the neck, to a tar barrel, and had then evidently been thrown into the water. A foul murder had evidently been committed. The deceased was about thirty years old.

Mr. Beecher last week gave the trustees of Plymouth Chapel a considerable lecture for their want of courage in refusing to allow Wendell Phillips the use of it for his abolition lectures. Whereupon several of the gentlemen thus publicly rebuked resigned their position. The following Sunday the Rev. Mr. Beecher exonerated them from his previous censure, and said that he had blamed them upon only a partial knowledge of the circumstances.

Since he had more fully inquired into it he thoroughly exonerated them from all blame, and "took back" his anathema.

Mr. Currier, of Hoboken, gave his annual exhibition at the Tivoli last Friday. His school is one of the most flourishing in all that little city, and his scholars do him credit. His sister has the management of the female department.

The Hoboken election resulted in the election of Mr. Johnson, Democrat, for Mayor, and Dr. Elder for School Superintendent. A fitter choice could not be made, as Dr. Elder is the most eminent physician there, and fully competent to decide on all questions either scholastic or sanitary. Ventilation is part and parcel of all enlightened tuition. A sound mind in a sound body is the Alpha and Omega of education.

Another frightful instance of the positive wickedness of locking up young children in rooms by themselves has just happened in Williamsburg. A Mrs. McCoy went out for a short time, leaving two children of three and five years old in a room. They got at some matches, and set themselves on fire. They were so frightfully burned that they died in a few hours afterwards.

In Ohio they have a lady drummer, who has received a diploma for her skill. Her name is Minerva Patterson, a daughter of Major Eliza Patterson, a wealthy farmer of Jersey, Licking county. The major has organized a band, consisting wholly of his children. Two of his girls play the drum, and the band is said to be one of the best in the State.

A gay Lothario of the name of John Kelly was so rude to a young lady of Williamsburg, last Friday, that she told the priest of his behavior. The priest told the parents, and the parents told the police, who demanded an explanation of John. He has been held to answer. He denies the soft impeachment.

It is proposed to cover over the Croton Reservoir in Forty-second street, and put into it every day about twenty tons of ice to cool it. This would prevent the people wasting the water by letting their taps run till it became cool in summer.

A man named Lewis Rogers committed suicide on the 14th inst. by cutting his throat and one of the arteries in his left arm. His wife having died that day is given as the reason.

We are glad to see that some effort is being made to put an end to brutalities and murders at sea. A man named Ellis, who lately murdered the mate of the Henry Warren, while the ship was lying in Havana, has been sent to New York in the Empire City to take his trial for the murder.

The great duel between Roger A. Pryor and Mr. Potter has been indefinitely postponed. Pryor challenged Potter, and Potter proposed bowie-knives—whereupon the Virginian declined on the grounds of that weapon being barbarous. We consider duelling under any circumstances as being a savage relic of the feudal times.

The steamer Adriatic sailed for Europe on the 14th inst. from the foot of Canal street. With the exception of the Great Eastern and Persia she is the largest of all steamers. She was the last vessel modelled by George Meers.

A Missionary meeting was held at Dr. Hawks's Church, corner of Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, for the purpose of assisting the missions of the South-west. Dr. Hawks made an eloquent appeal to his congregation, and a considerable sum of money was raised.

A mysterious case of poisoning occurred lately in the Second avenue and Fifty-ninth street. After a meal the whole family were taken sick, but they all recovered with the exception of one little boy, whose constitution had been weakened by the measles.

The Brooklyn Railroad Company will open in May two new lines—one to Flatbush and the other to Hamilton Ferry. Some regulation should be made to prevent that overcrowding so common on all our lines. It has done much to demoralize the manners of the riders, both male and female, saying nothing of fostering irritability of temper and the profuse encouragement of profane swearing.

The first meeting of the new Commissioners of Police, Messrs. James Bowen, John J. Bergen and Amos Flisbury, took place at eleven o'clock on the 14th inst., at the headquarters in Broome street—Mr. Flisbury in the chair. On motion of Mr. Bergen, Mr. Bowen was elected President of the Board.

There will be at least 8,000 strangers in Charleston at the approaching Convention. The inhabitants of that city will no doubt reap a golden harvest. Practice says that they have long been famous for rice; they are now going to show what they can do in the way of avo-cade. It is proposed to charter steamers as floating hotels. This will perhaps make the Charleston hotel-keepers reasonable. It must be allowed that it is their first and only chance to bleed the politicians.

Accident has considerably damaged a very fine painting of Louis, the subject from Prussian history. It appears that the artist had suspended the picture against the wall, but the cord breaking it was precipitated upon an easel standing below it; the sharp end of the cord ripped the canvas up, and almost rendered it valueless. So much for accident.

Now for design. Charles Elliott, our great painter, was so disgusted at the bad taste or bad feeling displayed by the Hanging Committee of the Academy of Design in the placing of his pictures, that he took out his penknife and cut it out of the frame. The Committee has demanded its restoration.

Mr. Elliott declares that he will never again suffer one of his paintings to be exhibited at the Academy of Design.

The postage rates between the United States and Luxembourg have been reduced from twenty-two cents to fifteen. Our Government should reduce our foreign postage as much as it can.

In a Troy court of law, the other day, a physician's certificate was exhibited, certifying that Morrissey, the pugilist, had visited London for the benefit of his health. A London paper says that he has risked large sums on Tom Sawyer. It is, however, rumored in New York that he has written to a butcher in Washington Market, urging him and his friends to freely lay their money on Hoeman, as since he has seen Sawyer he has changed his opinion.

The recklessness of the drivers of the avenue cars ought to be severely punished. Every day some casualty occurs. Last week a little child was run over by one of these men, named Hine, the driver of car 16, Sixth avenue. He has been arrested. Great blame is chargeable to their parents for their inattention to their unfortunate offspring. Surely there ought to be some law to take from such parents their children, and bring them up for the State.

A young woman named Mary Lynch was arrested lately in Cherry street for making her appearance in male habiliments. It is lawful to be a Bloomer, but not to go the whole animal, or hog, and appear as a man.

The Germans have raised a fund to defend Promer, who shot a rowdy for attempting to break into his lager beer saloon.

The boss cabinetmakers have offered to compromise with their journeymen, and propose to increase their wages twenty-five per cent. The journeymen cabinetmakers are considering of it.

About six weeks ago Mr. Cannon, of Williamsville, Conn., went out to his woodshed in the evening, and had not since been seen till last Tuesday, when his body was found in the river at that place with his hands tied.

A melancholy event has lately plunged two families into grief in Philadelphia. Two women, who lived in a tenement-house in that city, had a violent quarrel. As one of them, Mrs. Keating, was descending the stairs in a great passion her foot slipped, and she fell to the bottom of them. When taken up it was found that her neck was broken. She died almost immediately.

James Dagan, aged ten years, died at the New York Hospital, from the effect of injuries received by being run over by a freight car on the Hudson River Railroad. The boy had run away from school, and, endeavoring to catch a ride on the cars, he was knocked down and run over. He was conveyed to the residence of his parents in Twenty-fifth street, near Ninth avenue, where Coroner O'Keefe held an inquest on the body.

A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

Mr. Simonson's shipyard, Greenpoint, Long Island, was almost totally consumed last Friday.

A most remarkable escape from death is recorded in the Daily Palladium of Newhaven. A laborer, Edward White, while digging under a large rock, loosened it so much that it gave way and covered him; fortunately there was a sufficient opening for him to breathe in, and he was ultimately released after five hours' confinement. The rock weighed about five tons.

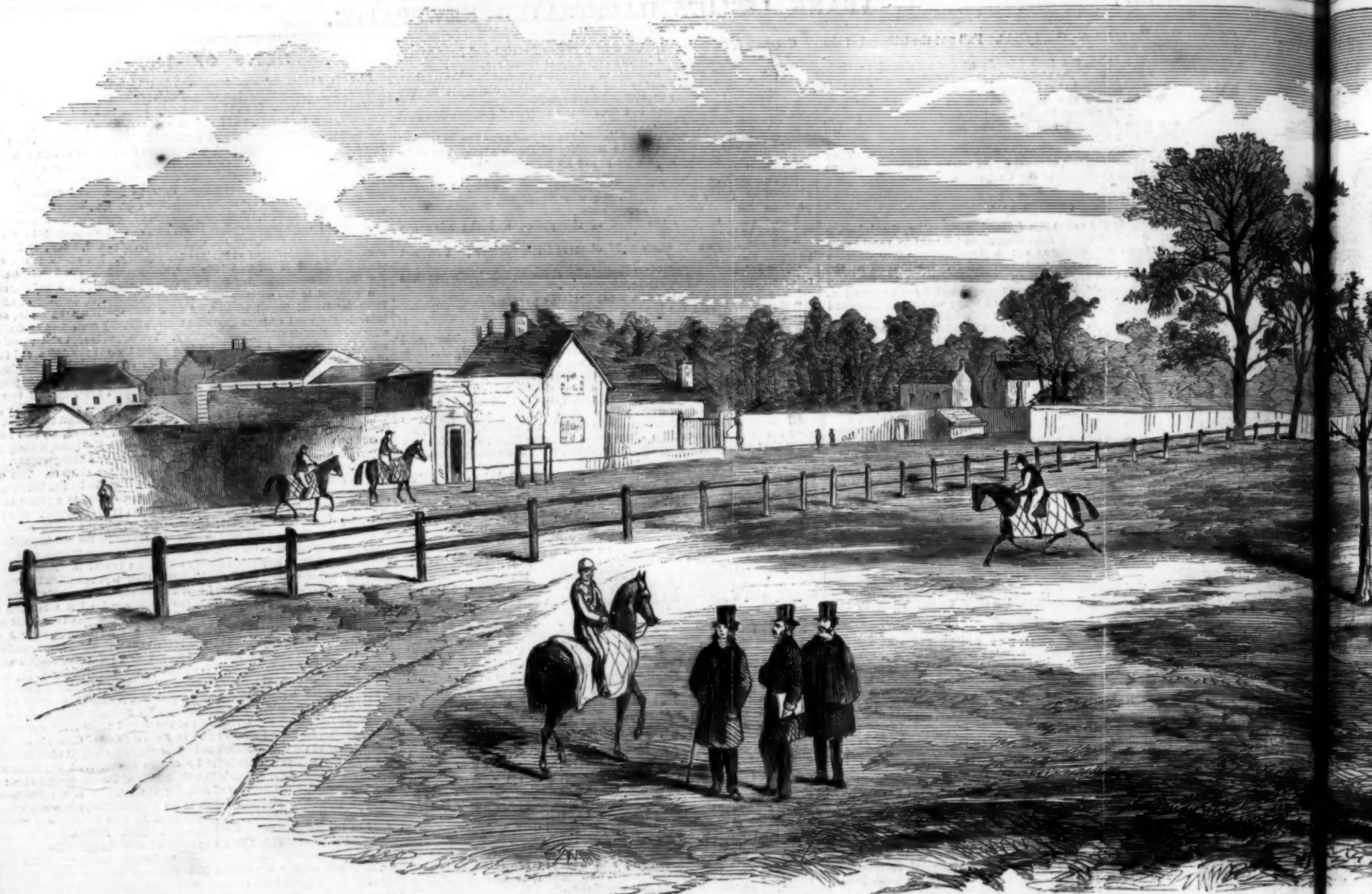
There was a heavy snow storm on the 14th inst. on Lake Erie. It came nearly as far as Albany.

The influence of it was felt even here by its cold blustering wind.

Gentlemen who have hitherto indulged in a 2-40 pace in the Central Park had better slacken a little. Mr. Hartine was not only unseated five dollars for driving a little too fast last Saturday, but had the pleasure of spending the night in the Twenty-third Precinct station-house.

There was a Tolere's hall, last Saturday, in East Smith street. During the festivities the proprietor was arrested for keeping a disorderly house.

At the very moment that the warrant was served he was dancing with a fair Toston maiden, and had got his arm round her waist. The officers were so impolite as to refuse him permission to flash his dances. His wife seized a chair, and made a violent demonstration on the minors of Rhadamanthus. She was unchained. She thereupon gave them a touch of Tom Sawyer, and drew the rope from the nose of one of the most unreasonable of the legal intruders.



MR. TEN BROECK'S AMERICAN STABLES AT NEWMARKET, ENGLAND—THE TRAINING GROUND (IN FRONT OF THE STABLES) OF

CONTINUATION OF
OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

MORLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, Friday, March 30, 1866.

Visit to Newmarket.

ACCORDING to the directions received upon our departure, I at once superseded your resident English correspondent, but retained the artist's services to take sketches of other scenes not connected with our visit, but still of interest to our readers, and at the same

time to assist our special artist, Mr. Berghaus, in his drawings. We did not delay our arrival in London an hour, but in company with Mr. George Wilkes we took the train for Newmarket, where Mr. Ten Broeck's training stables are situated and where Thomas Sayers is training.

Seventy miles through a level and beautiful country we passed in a couple of hours, and then entering the "White Hart Hotel hack," as the porter denominated it, or as we would call it the White Hart Hotel hack, we drove to Mr. Ten Broeck's stables. They are

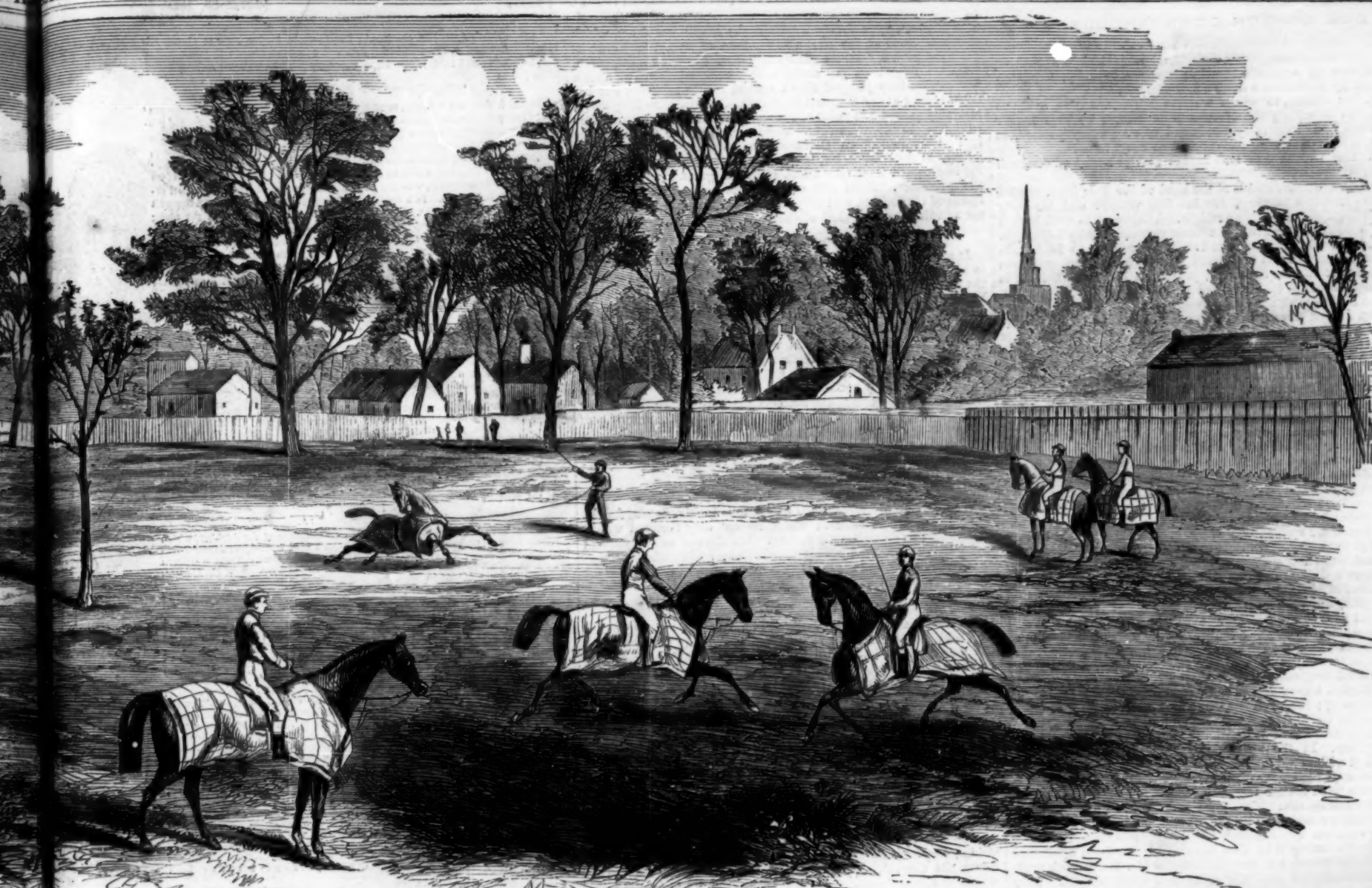
situated in the centre of the town, not far from those of the Duke of Bedford's. Mr. Ten Broeck has hired an old-fashioned place which has been for years a training ground for racehorses; it covers about five acres of ground, and is surrounded by a wall at least two feet in thickness, and twelve feet in height. The training plot contains about two acres, and is separated from Mr. Brown's residence and the stables and yard by another wall.

Upon entering the courtyard we were kindly saluted by three

(Continued on page 344.)



TOM SAYERS PRACTISING FOOTBALL AT NEWMARKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.



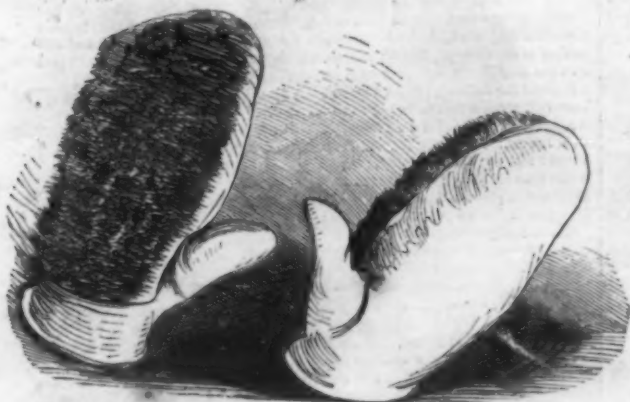
THE RACES OF UMPIRE, PRIOR, STARKE, SATELLITE, OPTIMIST, CINCINNATI, &c.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.



SAYERS' TRAINING BOOTS.



SAYERS' REGULATION BOOTS TO BE WORN IN THE FIGHT.



THE GLOVES OF CHAMOIS SKIN, WITH A STIFF HAIR UNDERLINING, USED TO RUB SAYERS DOWN AFTER HIS LONG TRAINING WALKS.



SAYERS' TRAINING BELT.



TOM SAYERS, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, ON HIS WALK WITH BOB FULLER, HIS TRAINER.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Continued from page 342.

enormous dogs, comfortably chained, who exhibited to us nothing but a view of a mouth showing immense capacity, delicately guarded by an immense double row of teeth.

Mr. Ten Broeck, to whom we had letters, we were sorry to learn, was attending the Northampton Races; but his trainer was there, and courteously conducted us over every portion, at the same time describing various matters novel to us.

Mr. Ten Broeck has now in his stables a stud of fourteen horses, all bloods.

Of course Umpire stands at the head of the list; he is treated with the care of a nursing, has his feet washed and his body rubbed till it glows like the sunlight. Umpire, as is well known to all familiar with the turf, is a three year old colt by Lecompte. He won last year three races and stakes amounting to four thousand two hundred and fifty-seven dollars, besides an enormous amount of money for his owner, which he had bet. Umpire is now entered for the two thousand guinea stakes at Newmarket, and the Derby, which it is the pride of all racing men to win. Mr. Ten Broeck places the utmost confidence in his success. If he wins the Derby he will win for his owner one single bet of three hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Ten Broeck having taken one hundred to one when he first made his appearance on the turf; he has also backed him for other sums, which will bring him seven hundred thousand dollars in case of Umpire's success.

It may possibly occur that he will not run for the two thousand guinea stakes, as his strength may be held back for the Derby. Of one fact our readers may be certain, that Umpire is in splendid condition, and that if he does not win the Derby he will be so close to the head of the winner that the English people will not afterwards think lightly of American horseflesh. Umpire, Prioresse, Starke and Satellite are Mr. Ten Broeck's favorites, all of whom stand well at Tattersall's. I send you the engagements of his stable for the season, which you can insert.

The horses are walked out every morning about eight o'clock on a large track of turf, which is called the Heath. We drove out there, and found nearly three hundred horses that were exercising. Some were walking, and completely covered with two or three thicknesses of blankets; others were cantering over the turf at a steady pace, while others were completely uncovered and moving at a rapid pace over the Heath. One thing we noticed, and that was the cleanliness of their limbs. Every hair seemed clipped close as the skin would permit. It was a novel and pleasing sight to us to witness such a numerous collection from the best stables in all England.

The English horses gallop and exercise for three or four hours in the morning; Mr. Ten Broeck's not over two. They then return to the stable, have their feet thoroughly washed and dried, their bodies are rubbed down, and thick, warm blankets wrapped around them. In the afternoon they are walked out again. When they wish to test their condition and speed they do so inside the enclosure, which is exactly a quarter of a mile in circumference. In winter a thick covering of straw is strewn all around the track where the horses run. The Duke of Bedford's training ground has a covering running all around, so that the horses can exercise in rainy weather.

Mr. Brown informed us that the weather seems to agree very well with the horses, but that the mistake Mr. Ten Broeck made when he first arrived was in bringing over horses too old. They should be brought over as colts, when they become acclimated. We have never seen a man more sanguine of success than the trainer of the American stable. He says he will make them yet cease laughing at the Yankee horses, as they were termed the first season.

Umpire, the pet favorite, is quite wilful. They cannot get him to travel on the railroad, so they have had built for him a van purposely to carry him to the races. This is used by the noblemen to carry horses to races, to prevent any tricks being played upon them by parties interested.

The van holds two horses. The back side and front take down, so that the horses enter into places like stalls. As Umpire will follow a certain pony anywhere which Mr. Brown rides, the pony is placed in one stall and Umpire in the other. We saw him removed while we were there, and it was decidedly an aristocratic affair. There were four horses attached to the front of the van, two outsiders on the high horses, dressed in jockey suits, orange-colored cap and short jacket, white leather breeches and high top boots; then the trainer sits on the top of the caravan; they dash along in splendid style; the interior of the van is well padded, and there is also plenty of straw. The roads in England, as every traveller knows, are perfectly smooth. In America we should most likely open the van, after a trip of fifty miles, and find both horses dead. Here there are no ruts; they are all like a smooth floor.

Mr. Ten Broeck deserves great praise for his determined enterprise and perseverance to succeed; he does everything in the most liberal manner, and everything appertaining to his stud is on as extensive a scale as any of the nobility. The Duke of Bedford's, which we visited, did not equal in size, convenience or comfort those of Mr. Ten Broeck's.

The success of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses last year may be gathered from the following statement: Prioresse ran eleven times, lost six races and won five, earning five thousand five hundred and fifty dollars; Starke ran ten times, lost the seven first and won the three last, he earned thirteen thousand three hundred and ten dollars; Umpire, five times, lost two, won three, with four thousand dollars; Babylon, won once, and made one hundred and twenty-five dollars; Woodburn, won once, and made one thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Besides these horses, Optimist, Satellite, Desdemona, Cincinnati and Lincoln ran. The total ran was fifty-nine races, of which thirteen were won and forty-six were lost. The amount of stakes won was twenty-five thousand dollars; besides which Mr. Ten Broeck made two hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars by betting on the last races of Starke and Umpire and Prioresse.

His prospects this year could not be better, but we will write more fully hereafter. We have an invitation to spend a couple of days with Mr. Ten Broeck when the Two Thousand Guineas comes off.

The Cambridge and Oxford Eight-Oared Boat-race.

The Cambridge and Oxford students have been at the boiling point in reference to their boat-race. They seem to imagine that upon their success or defeat the glories of their separate Colleges depend, consequently all the aristocracy, all the clubs and others bet immense amounts on the result, they all having brothers, sons or relations at one or other of the Colleges. Having received an invitation from one of the students of King's College, Cambridge, to accompany them in their steam-boat which the club had hired, we were up bright and early. The Thames was alive with small iron steamboats, row-boats, &c., all going to the race. At seven precisely off we were, and after a pleasant steam to Putney, we arrived at the starting ground. We landed at the Star and Garter Hotel, the headquarters of the Cambridge boys, where we took some refreshments. A curious sight to us was that all the Cambridge admirers wore light blue and the Oxford dark blue. The consequence was that gentlemen wore blue rosettes and blue cravats; the waiters wore them, the barmaids wore blue ribbons, and so the dark and the light blue was represented by almost every one.

At about half-past eight o'clock the Oxford boys, who had

won the toss, were observed to take the Middlesex shore, which was considered at the time a bad stroke of policy, inasmuch as the wind blew hard from the Putney side. The word being given, the Cambridge boys got under weigh, logily at first, but after a few strokes they jumped ahead several feet in advance, but before arriving at the Star and Garter, the Oxfords were fully up to, and they passed the point about neck and neck, while each were exhibiting excellent rowing. Before reaching the Crabtree they had so far gained on Cambridge as to make the race appear greatly in their favor, but before long, by a splendid manoeuvre, the last named boat shot ahead amid the greatest excitement of the spectators. From this out the race seemed entirely in the hands of Cambridge, and they came in winning easily in twenty-six minutes from the time of starting.

Heenan Still Hunted.

It seems quite surprising, not only to Mr. Heenan himself, but to his American friends here, that he should be hunted about in the manner he is, while Sayers is pursuing his training unmolested at Newmarket. The Benicia Boy has just made another move, and has taken up his quarters in a most delightfully rustic little cottage in Bedfordshire, which is nearly two miles from the town of Bedford. Here he is very comfortable, and although considerably piqued at the distinction the authorities make, he is nevertheless in excellent health and spirits, and appears to look forward with much confidence to his ultimate victory. There is every provocation for his becoming down-hearted, as almost every person you meet and everything you read in the newspapers throughout the country, all express in decided terms that the Benicia Boy is going to be badly beaten. Mr. Berghaus has made a capital sketch of the neat little cottage he recently occupied, which we enclose.

Sayers as a Host.

We are certainly under deep obligations to Mr. Sayers for the excessively kind manner in which he not only received us but entertained us throughout our stay. He showed us everything; and your artist has taken the most elaborate and detailed sketches that were ever before made; they will be sent in due course for the edification of the readers of *Frank Leslie*. The champion even went so far as to strip, that we could present his fine proportions in the best possible manner.

We also send you a very striking picture of his training quarters, which I think will be recognised as the only correct one of the many which have been gotten up. In looking over some of the would-be pictorial, I observed some very funny scenes palmed off as views of the various incidents connected with the coming battle. Very few, indeed, I can assure you, will ever be recognized here. A game at football your artist and correspondent both had the satisfaction of witnessing, and Sayers appeared to enjoy it hugely.

When he takes his pedestrian exercise he is always accompanied by Mr. Fuller, who is accounted extraordinarily fleet of foot, but when he undertakes a fly with the champion he is obliged to cut off the corners and cross lots, for as Sayers sometimes tells him, "Fuller, you're a good walker, but your 'bottom' isn't good."

Berghaus has sketched Sayers, with his characteristic wide strides, very cleverly indeed. Almost anybody would be able to detect the champion by a peculiar thick yellow flannel shawl which he always wears about his neck when he is in the open air. His training belt, shoes, rubbing down gloves, &c., accompany this, and they are faithfully drawn.

The Last Deposit at Owen Swift's.

The final deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars aside was put up last night at the headquarters of the English champion, Owen Swift's, and if anything else was wanted to give us a thorough and perfect idea of the different phases of English life it was afforded on this occasion. Of all the motley groups I ever saw congregated this was the most interesting; from well dressed gentlemen down to knucks and thieves, every shade of character was here represented; sportsmen, cabmen, porters, bruisers and all. Mr. Dowling for England, and Mr. George Wilkes for America, were present, and seemed to be in high favor with the crowd. John Morrissey and several other pugilistic celebrities, both from America and England, were there, and attracted much attention. Morrissey's course here towards his countryman is creating considerable criticism, and in some circles, even among Englishmen, is severely denounced; he is with Sayers much of his time.

Mr. Dowling being called upon last night, among other things made use of the following remarks, which I clip from the *Sporting Telegraph* of this day. He said—

That he had great pleasure in announcing that the final deposit had been made, and he was also happy to state that he had reason to believe that the long-looked-for encounter would take place on the day originally named, and arrangements had been made that day (Friday) to enable all who were anxious to witness this great international match to do so. The price of the tickets was fixed at 5s. He could not, of course, form any opinion what this American could do in the ring, but John Morrissey had seen the Champion (Sayers) at Newmarket, and gave it as his opinion that Sayers would be able to beat Heenan, and that easily. If Morrissey was not able to form a correct opinion of Heenan, he was not. He (Morrissey) said also that Heenan was not much of a man; but it was to be borne in mind that he might have greatly improved since he met him (John Morrissey) in the American Ring. Why our little man (Sayers) is so great a favorite he was unable to tell, and more particularly why two to one should be laid on him was beyond his comprehension. But, as an Englishman, he should say back our own countryman. We had received Heenan and his American friends with the greatest cordiality. A rumor had been circulated in this country, and also in America, that Heenan would not have fair play. This, it must be admitted, was not the case, nor the characteristic of Englishmen. If foul play were attempted, he was certain that the referee would at once use the prerogative reposed in him, and give his decision against it. He could at once say that there was no such thing as ingratitude or unfair play intended by Tom Sayers or his backers, and their wish and motto was—"fair play."

Rumored Postponement of the Fight.

There is a rumor since my first instalment of this letter, and I believe it has some foundation in truth, that for some unexplained reason the fight has been postponed until Wednesday, the 18th inst. This I get from a friend of Heenan's, who has just returned from his quarters. He says it has been mutually agreed upon between the two principals. CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

France—Annexation—The Entering Wedge—Germany and Belgium—Cosmopolite Tendencies—Languages—Italy—Guillevy—The Camp des Brocs—Defect—Literature and Composition—The Marée.

Bravo! Our good little France is progressing finely. We have accomplished one little bit of annexation, we have in the delectable, daintiest, most dextrous manner possible just inserted the smallest possible edge of a wedge, and will suffer it to remain there until people become accustomed to the sight. People have been amazed that the Emperor took such enormous pains to acquire "a few barren mountain tops." It was not the mountain tops—oh, no—but the beautiful precedent which we wanted to set up among these modern days of universal intervention. La belle France also wanted to show Europe that while the rest of them, Austria, England, Prussia and all, only moved like the links of a chain, by mutual consent, she for once could do something of which they all disapproved. Well, we have made the beginning, and far in the distance lie Belgium and the Rhine! We will have them yet; Germany may sing if she chooses, to a thousand times, her street ballad:

„Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein.“

But she must yet hear "We wollen ihn doch haben." Natural boundaries and the absorption of troublesome, unprogressive little States into great ones is a natural law of social progress and of the age. You are destined to occupy

the whole North American continent; Russia ought in due time to absorb all the Slavonian States, Persia, Central Asia and Northern China; England, if she can, may have and hold India, while Germany is quite welcome to keep all of those places.

"Where'er resounds the German tongue."

The fact is that half a dozen, or at the very utmost a dozen living languages are as many as the world needs. English is good for business, French for the small talk of society, Russian for swearing, Italian for music, German for the delicate shades of philosophical and critical thought, Hungarian for high toned, gentlemanly and lady-like conversation. Persian is also a nice language for well-bred decent society, and would be much studied if people only knew more of its literature. The Orientals, who are all gentlemen, take quite naturally to Persian—it is their French. In a dead way, University men ought to add Sanscrit and Arabic to their Greek and Latin, and with these the world would get along very well indeed. Less would not give sufficient variety for social and intellectual development, and it would be too much to expect that many men would take the pains to learn more. Do you call that much, monsieur? Well, half the time you have spent in reading poor trashy, flashy novels, miserable Fannys and Guardsmen and Lamartines and Chateaubriands, would give you all these before you are thirty, and the acquisition, when pursued with genial friends and in a proper manner, would be quite as agreeable as shallow reading. But I digress.

Meanwhile it cannot be denied that Italy is now the main point of political interest. Its entire soil, says Victor Paulin, is trembling, the central movement is passing to the extremities. Not only is Venice becoming impatient and fretting under the Austrian yoke, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies shows by unmistakable symptoms the disease which gnaws it. Arrests follow arrests in fearful numbers at Naples, the old tormenting devilish policy is being grimly adhered to and fiercely followed out, while at their very door a nation of millions is passing with triumphal shout and martial music onward to freedom! All the world rejoices, the moral support of all the world is being given to the movement, the poor Pope is losing prestige every day, and in face of all this the despicable and loathsome tyranny of Naples crowds freemen into dungeons and threatens more stringent measures. It would really seem as if both the enemies and friends of Italian liberty were doing all in their power, and after their peculiar way, to promote the cause.

Did you ever—but of course you have if you know French, or the French—hear the old song of

"Compère Guillery,
Te lairas tu mourir?"

Well, we have been reminded of this by a melo-drama at the Ambigu, which turns on the real Guillery. For there was such a man once—just as there was once a veritable Pierrot, *au clair de la lune*, though the ignorant would believe the whole to be a poetic fabrication. About the end of the wars of the League, three unscrupulous though hard fighting gentlemen, named Guillery, finding that war would no longer be carried on by the authorities, resolved to keep one up on their own account. When Henry IV. pacified everything, they still kept up a show of the cause which had failed. So they robbed travellers, plundered merchants and helped themselves out of Custom Houses and other royal treasures. Their principal retreat was in Poitou, far in the forest of Essarts. Here they had a fortress which was not reduced until it had endured a regular siege. One of the Guillerys was killed in the taking, the two others escaped and were captured, and hung a year later. The first of these gentlemen figured lately as a romantic brigand on the stage of the Ambigu. The Bohemian hero loves, of course, Blanche de Penknef (a cousin), and is loved in return, while the wicked rival is another cousin, Gaston de Lussac. Fortunately for the healthy physiological development of the children which might have been born, none of these cousins married. But they made a first-rate robber and sensation play of it—one full of startling events, brilliant action, the torrent of the Devil's Rock, desperate slashing of swords and other "romantic" and sentimental stuff well suited to the taste of the masses. Ah! they have a delicious sense of art, these masses of our cities. Yet, vile as it is, it is not really so nauseating as the more aristocratic appetite which satiates itself on the "poetry" of the leading French and English bards of the day. Oh! Nature—what sins do these singers commit in thy name!

The great mystery of the *Champ des Brocs* has taken a new form. Do you remember, that in a former letter I told you of a tavern-keeper, one whose land twenty odd skeletons were discovered during the construction of a railroad. Well, the poor tavern-keeper, it seems, knew nothing about it. The land was not his and he was not there. But a man named François Guillot did own the field, and he had a sister hung some years ago. Guillot has been imprisoned.

I have heard that in the United States the annual accounts of most institutions contain items of "breakage and stealage"—all missing items being, with natural Anglo-Saxon straightforwardness, attributed to theft. The items of the past week show "two deplorable accidents" of this kind in Paris. At the Observatory a lens was broken by two workmen; it might have been a diamond one, for it cost 25,000 francs. So much for scientific loss. As regards art, a bronze statue in the Gallery of the Louvre, a gem valued at 36,000 francs, is missing. It must be recovered, for all the resources of our police have been employed to find it. Unless it be melted up and sold for the metal it can hardly be disposed of, though instances have been known in which amateurs have bought stolen works of art and gloated over them in secret for years.

In the literary world I hear that Victor Hugo has finished his romance of "Les Misérables," a novel setting forth in a series of painful but moving pictures the sufferings of the poor. It will be published in a Review; about to be established by Hetzel. In the same periodical will also appear in succession romances by Lamartine and George Sand. Apropos of these great names, Madame Sand and Madame Hugo arrived last week in Paris—the former suffering, I regret to say, from a slight indisposition.

Life is a lottery, marriage also. Those in France who are subject to conscription, or being drawn for military service, find the former emphatically true, and a late advertisement in a provincial paper exhibits a curious mélange of both. It is as follows:

"Two young men, who drew from the urn on Thursday last numbers twenty-one and eighty-nine, are desirous of finding two young women who will liberate them from military service by advancing for each the sum of two thousand francs. Domestic bias shall reward these benefactresses for their generosity. No one need apply who is not of prepossessing appearance and of good reputation."

Now it is very likely that these young Claude Melnotes will find some amiable little widows to buy them. In the first place, they have either some claims to be respectable, or some sense, else they would not have inserted the last warning clause. Then the wife who has bought her husband, who owns him, so to speak, who has a mortgage of two thousand francs on him, has a terrible hold in all arguments. Then the idea of "rescuing" a husband—or raising him from the ammunition broad of a barrack to the warm rolls of domestic bliss—what susceptible, romantic and unprotected French female, with a few thousands in the rentes, could resist?

This year Paris has been sold—Franchmen say robbed—on a grand scale. Every year people flock to Havre or Cherbourg, to see the *grande marée*, the great tide. This year the tide was absent—it went to the Seine—while those who lived at the Seine went elsewhere. A great disappointment, and many expressions both loud and deep were heard at Havre this year. The last story told is of a wealthy citizen who, finding himself by the seaside, though in the early days of March, requested his wife to take as many sea baths as she possibly could. "I wish that when summer comes you may have no pretext for saying that I have compelled you to pass a whole year without sea-bathing." So much for to-day.

Yours truly,
PANTURGE.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The last steamer from Europe conveys the gratifying intelligence that Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Emilia Provinces had been annexed to Sardinia. In like manner Savoy and Nice had been quietly transferred to France, a small though unpleasant price to pay for so large a territory as that just acquired by Victor Emanuel. The Great Powers had consented themselves by expressing their regret, but adding that it was no business of theirs if Sardinia did not object. England, whose opposition was most strongly expressed through her press and some members in Parliament, through her great organ, the *London Times*, sullenly acquiesced but condemned the act as one of spoliation, and calculated to convince all that with such an unscrupulous sovereign as Louis Napoleon the only safety lay in constant preparation and vigilance.

Beyond the Italian question the political news is of little interest. We have, however, given a résumé in our editorial page.

A ballet-girl, named Mlle. Holke, while dancing at the Grand Opera, at Berlin, went too near the footlights. Her dress took fire, and she was so dreadfully burned that she died next day.

Florence Nightingale, the angel of mercy, as the soldiers called her, is in so dangerous a state that prayers are offered up for her in all the garrison chapels in England. It is a rapid consumption.

The brutality of the shower bath as a prison punishment is not alone practiced in this happy Republic—it flourishes in England. There is, however, this difference, that there they punish the official who misapplies it. It being proved that his death was occasioned by a cruel application of the shower bath by the jailor, Soloway, he has been committed to jail on the charge of manslaughter. We have had several cases of a similar cruelty in Sing-Sing and Auburn, but the perpetrator has not been troubled for his brutality.

A singular discovery was made lately on the estate of John de Montmorency, in the county of Kildare. In a vault of the old Castle there was found a skeleton, and under its skull some coins. Its hand was jeweled with a ring, and beside him a breastplate and helmet, also a drinking cup. A box was found in the vault containing some coins of the reign of King John, with a small ruby cross and some parchments. These were all transmitted to Dublin for examination. The whole is in the possession of the Hon. Michael Walsh, Newtown House.

It is at last settled that the Prince of Wales shall start for Canada on the 10th July. He will be accompanied by three war steamers under the command of

Com. Seymour. Although it has not been officially announced that he will enter the United States, yet an article in the London *Times* may be considered equivalent to a promise that he will not only pay New York but Washington a visit.

The fascinating Piccolomini has been singing and playing in Dublin. She brought her engagement to a close one Saturday evening by a very bad cold, and a speech in still worse English.

One of the infamous heroes of the French Revolution died lately—it was Le Barbou, the detestable monster who assisted the miscreant Carrier in carrying out the Noyades. For the last forty years he had wandered about as a beggar and an outcast. He died in a little farmhouse near Lyons, into which he had tottered to buy food and shelter. He was above ninety years old.

A new composer has risen to commemorate the freedom of Italy. His name is Gioia; his opera produced lately in Milan, and called "Corrado, Console di Milano," is very patriotic.

The Shah of Persia is dead. His son, aged eight years, succeeds to his throne. The late Shah was the one who waged war with England. It is said that the present Vizier is a man of great views and very much attached to England.

The wife of Ferik Ibrahim Pacha and her paramour were executed in Constantinople lately. It will be remembered that they were condemned for murdering her husband. There was considerable difficulty in finding an executioner, but at last a Gipsy volunteered to officiate on condition of receiving 500 piasters.

The great mercantile establishments in London have resolved to give their clerks half a holiday on the Saturday of every week. The Bank of England has just acceded to the proposition, and it commences on the 19th May. A similar plan should be adopted here.

It seems to be a fact that the populations of Central Italy went to the polls led there by their priests! This shows that in course of time even clerics become enlightened.

A curious tragedy has lately been perpetrated in Constantinople. The governor of a wealthy Turkish family went to pass the evening with her daughter, the wife of a colonel in the Turkish army. In the course of conversation, the mother showed her daughter a casket of borrowed jewels, which she was entrusted by the family to return to her owner. Tempted by the glittering prize, the daughter strangled her mother, and then hid the dead body. When her husband returned, the wretched woman told her husband, and showed him the jewels. Pretending to approve the act, he went out, and gave information to the police, who have arrested the murderers, and thrown her into prison to await her trial.

The Duke of Magenta is to command the camp at Chalons in May. It will consist of 100,000 men. He has indignantly denied that he is an Irishman, as his family have been natives of France for nearly two hundred years.

The Duchess of Leeds has sent £1,000 to the Pope. The correspondence between Lord John Russell and the Neapolitan Government has been published. It is very earnest in urging upon the unhappy king who rules that beautiful land immediate reforms. The last accounts describe Naples as being in a highly dangerous condition. It is a social as well as a physical volcano.

The strangers in Rome are in daily expectation of hearing that the Pope has excommunicated Victor Emanuel. Many families have postponed their departure, in the expectation of seeing "the bell, book and candle" ceremony in St. Peter's! The Pope, however, will not doubt think twice before he carries out the suggestion of his rage.

An actress in France has been condemned to one day's imprisonment and a fine of fifteen francs for walking off the stage in a rage, because the audience hissed her.

EISENHUTTER, on the Rhine, has lately been the scene of a terrible tragedy. Herr Weder, the proprietor of a tavern, was lately found murdered in his bed, while his wife was found gagged and bound on the floor. When released, she said that three strange men entered the room, murdered her husband and bound and gagged her. It has been since ascertained that the murder was committed by her paramour. They have both been arrested, and are now awaiting their trial at Coblenz.

The Galignani has a curious case of mutual deception. An old battered beau, who had run through all his money, resolved to swindle an aged lady out of her affections and money. He therefore got a matrimonial broker to represent him as very rich. The old lady, who had also spent her money, took the bait. Thus they married in the firm belief they had bettered their fortunes. When they discovered the mutual deception, the lady had her husband arrested on the charge of attempting to poison her. He was consequently lodged in the Conciergerie. When the matter was inquired into, the husband was honorably acquitted. This so irritated the affectionate wife that she took to her bed and died.

Those inveterate sight-seers, the English and Americans, are lingering at Rome in the hope of seeing an excommunication. It will be performed at St. Peter's, at Rome, with great pomp; the cardinals present; the church hung with black; the figure of Christ on the cross veiled; and wax tapers, yellow in color, successively lighted and extinguished. All the monastic orders will go to the cathedral in procession, and return to their monasteries chanting the "Miserere." The person who transmits these details says that he does not think that the Pope himself will pronounce the excommunication, but that a Cardinal will be delegated to do so. This will almost equal a Bowery Pantomime.

JULIEN, who died in a *senectus de senecté*, has left a wife and two adopted children, a young man aged twenty-two, now in the French army, and a girl aged eighteen. A subscription is being raised for him in England. The last work he composed was a march in honor of Louis Napoleon, to whom he sent it, on his deathbed. It is hoped the Emperor will make some provision for the widow, who is left in destitute circumstances.

M. JULIEN NARD has submitted to Louis Napoleon a plan for a new railway wagon for the conveyance of passengers through Paris. The carriage has eight wheels, it is thirty feet long and nine feet broad, four horses are sufficient to draw it. Each carriage will accommodate one hundred passengers inside and as many outside. The fare for each inside passenger is to be ten centimes, or equal to two American cents; outside, half-price.

GABRIELLI appears to maintain unabated his popularity in Italy, and his birthday, March 10, was celebrated in Rome by a *Te Deum*, intoned in a church by a pair of students. As Gabrielli is a native of Nice, and as Nice is now a French city, it is remarked that probably he will represent that city in the French Corps. It will be a curious instance of the vicissitudes of life to see the defender of Rome, the exile of the marshes of Ravenna, the candle dealer of Staten Island, and the hero of the late Italian war, a member of the Imperial Government of France.

The ex-Duchess of Parma has presented an address to the Queen of Spain calling upon her, as the head of the Bourbons, to support her in protesting to the Great Powers against the annexation of Parma to Sardinia. The Queen of Spain is not so secure on her own throne to justify her in helping others. Ferdinand IV., ex-Duke of Tuscany, has also addressed a protest against the swallowing up his patrimony. These royal vagabonds find it difficult to realize the existence of a will in the people.

AN ENEMY IN OUR CAMP.

By Henry P. Leland.

MORUE DOMESTIQUE DES AMERICAINS.—Etude basée sur deux mois d'expérience de voyage dans les Etats-Unis de l'Amérique, et plus de 200,000 coups à la roulette et au trente-et-quarante, recueillis à Bade et à Hombourg; par le Baron de Sourdane. Paris, 1849.

Public attention has been from time to time awakened by the notes issued by foreign travellers, pretending to be good for a description of our land and its inhabitants; but they have each and all in turn been condemned by Americans as only the counterfeit presentment of the reality. The Baron de Sourdane, it is to be feared, will also be pronounced bogus. The title of his work, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," sounds very much like that English Trollope's volume; when he manifests plainly that his "study" is based on two months' travelling experience in the United States of America, and more than 200,000 rounds at roulette and trente-et-quarante at Baden and Hombourg, doubts may with propriety be entertained as to his profundity. *Experientia docet*, or experience does it, may be very true of most affairs; but two months of it hardly suffices to arrive at the bottom of American customs, especially when preceded by 200,000 tiger fights at Baden and Hombourg, tending to render the combatant hazardous in his statements.

Faron Sourdane dedicates his work to his friend "Jules Flaneur, that man who from the depths of science arises to charm society."

N. B.—Mons. Flaneur has the reputation of having invented *Limonade Gaseuse*; so much for his science. As for society, that is easily charmed—in a frank way—at the Chateau des Fleurs!

In the preface a just tribute of praise is awarded to our morality, our prosperity, and the way we play poker; the command of countenance remarked by him in players of this game was extended to other professions, and leads him to the profound remark, "In America there is a rhyx in every house." This closes the preface; he believes he has said a good thing and makes a bow, leaving instantly. The skilful tactician!

The first chapter in his work has for a heading—

How they Travel.

Walking up Broadway in New York on the dollar side, I one morning remarked a modest little book-store, in front of which I noticed what I at first imagined was one of the conveniences adorning the Boulevards, but it was not. It was, I assure you plainly, only a very large box placarded with announcements of newly published books; among these I read—

Value of Human Life in the United States—Price 12½ cents!

My friends, I had a thrill of horror when I read that. Positively only about sixty-five centimes was all my life was worth. I who always thought so dearly of myself, to be valued at sixty-five centimes! I went to my hotel and made my will. Then resignedly I awaited my fate, and the twelve and a half cents that would be paid to my heirs by the United States Government. A friend informed me that this price was the value of the book, and not of human life;

but my good friend was an American, and I fear his love of country conquered his veracity. A true patriot is so fiery.

Along the railroads there are no guards at the cross-roads, and very few gates. They have revived the hecatombs of the Greeks in this pantheistical land; hundreds of cattle sacrificed by hundreds of engine drivers to hundreds of locomotives every year, and to what a chorus! A chorus of groans and screams from hundreds of dying voices. But the people are used to it, and are as stoical as Mohawks. One evening I was in the cars, as they call them, from New York to Philadelphia, and was tranquilly arranging myself to sleep, when bump-pity-bomp! bang! and pretty quick we stopped. I went to the door of the car to go out and see what was the affair; there was a painting on the door that arrested my attention, a graveyard scene, and on a tomb was painted, "All persons are forbidden standing on the platform!" I had several chills up and down my back. But a native behind me quickly opened the door, and pushing me aside went out; so I followed, and we went forward to the locomotive, and there were two dying horses and a shattered wagon. The conductor with a lantern was looking round to pick up the pieces of the driver, but could not find any. When, raising his light, he saw a man sitting on a fence chewing tobacco. That man was the driver and owner of that "smashed team." The only words he said were,

"Will you pay me for 'em to-night or to-morrow mornin'?"

"To-morrow mornin'," said the conductor.

"All right!"

We then started again and went thirty miles in forty minutes to make up for lost time. By good luck there were no more horses killed, and we arrived with whole bones in Philadelphia.

They have smoking, sleeping and ladies' cars—they very much need chewing cars—but in a new country one cannot expect to rate and arrange everything at once.

I must not neglect the steamboats; they are superb. I was about to write magnificent, but desist, since I remember the risk one runs in travelling on them; that moderates my transports. These "floating palaces," lying so tranquilly at the wharves, have demons incarnate in their stomachs; should they suddenly have the colic—bang! they burst into a million small pieces, filling the newspapers with entire columns of the "terrible explosion." Should they be attacked with inflammatory symptoms at night, next morning a huge smoking amouling mass of burnt timbers and old iron greets your view on the river side, or lies fathoms under water, the mausoleum of hundreds of the sovereign people. Nobody was to blame, they give the captain a large silver pitcher, and then he strives to earn another.

The cabins of these boats, however inappropriate for use, are nevertheless gorgeously adorned for show. Standing at one end of them the eye is cheated into the belief that it sees a square, jack-pudding cabinet of a palace interminably drawn out. Gilt, velvet, lace, mirrors, mahogany, rosewood, and what a horror, bridle-chambers! with the name on the door. What a curious people, and yet their politeness to ladies has something chivalric in it. For those who do not take state-rooms there are berths and serenades from countless snorers and biting insects, and a Fourierite community of washbasins and towels, the same as on the Spanish coasting steamers. In fact, those occupying berths belong to second class passengers, only if they were told so there might be unpleasant smells of burnt powder round about, and so they are not. There are first and second class cars on the railroads, the latter are patronized by Irish and Germans the first week they arrive in the country, after that, having made fortunes, they always travel in the first-class and call the second-class "emigrant cars." In both railroad and steamboat travelling, contentions at times arise in regard to the rights of negroes. Accustomed as we are (in France) to allow them, if they will pay for them, the same privileges as ourselves; it seems strange at first sight to see them refused in a republic. But a little reflection at once points out the correctness of the American course of thinking in this as in other things. I must confess that it did not occur to me but was suggested by my good friend Mr. Smit. Directing my attention to the fact of the general observance of Sunday in the United States, and the consequent religious knowledge of the people, at once awakening a good acquaintance with evil and good, he pointed out to me that evil was presided over by a genius universally represented highly colored, in fact black, and that in consequence to have a type of beings of this hue by your side in the cars or steamboat, would awaken a very unpleasant list of the wickedness superintended by the father of evil. For this reason only they are second-class, but their friends are now earnestly agitating the propriety of starting a sect which will believe in a white devil, and thus have no scruples against admitting negroes to a higher standpoint than they now occupy. Certainly this sounds well.

But it will not do to close this chapter on travelling without referring to the adroitness and skill of Americans displayed at table on the steamboats. My first introduction to them in this field of action was on board a boat going from New York to Boston by the way of Fall River. It was in the evening at a species of cold-hot-dinner-supper called tea. I have assisted at the soirées fantastiques of Robert Houdin, but believe me I never saw even that great wizard make things disappear in a manner so miraculous as they flew from that tea table. Warned by my travelling companion Mr. Smit that tea was ready, we flew with the rapidity of starved vultures to the tables, the gong had only sounded as we descended the stairs, yet every chair had its occupant. Mr. Smit was a philosopher; "in five minutes," said he, "you and I will both have seats," and he drew out his watch, holding it in his hand.

Mr. Smit looked up and down the table, finally, his eye rested on a tall man with a patriarchal shirt collar, who had at that time some pickled salmon and cold chicken on his plate, and was eating them together with a piece of plumcake which he held in his left hand, while he had a large tumbler of milk before him, also a cup of coffee strong enough to have kept the seven sleepers awake for a century. "That man will have finished in two minutes more. He has just called for a glass of ice water," added Mr. Smit, still consulting his watch. Positively I never have seen anything so interesting as that tea, no, never! Houdin draws a rabbit, chickens, feathers, omelettes, &c., from a hat; but do you believe, even after reading his memoirs, that he could put a roast chicken, a loaf of bread, sausages, pickled salmon, preserves, cakes, three pints of liquids, besides untold side dishes, into a hole no larger than your mouth?—I don't. I was anxiously waiting to see plates, knives, forks, spoons, a large vase with a bouquet of flowers, and the table-cloth disappear down that throat, as we see them disappear down the gullet of that horrible portrait's mouth at the pantomime; but Mr. Smit touched my arm, pointed to his watch and to two of the omnivorous, who, as the hand marked the five minutes' point, rose from table, and we took their places. A word from Mr. Smit to a waiter, and we soon had a bottle of claret, and by selection an excellent supper, including a brace of very good woodcock, sent to Mr. Smit with the steward's compliments, they being very dear friends. After viewing that supper, I was not at all astonished to hear that Americans are dyspeptic; if I had an ostrich—that bird with an iron digestion—I should hesitate to give him pickled salmon and plumcake all at once—indeed I would.

To travel on railroads and steamboats in the United States with pleasure, one should be one-third Spartan, one-third Greek, and the balance Bohemian; or one-third vulture, one-third magpie, and the rest hawk. Travelling on foot or horseback or sail-boat is another affair; you visit the most noble scenery in the world, and in the primeval forests of the West, skirting the shores of the grand Northern lakes, or floating along Southern bayous, realize the giant grandeur and freshness of the New World. In visiting this land, then, my countrymen, don't judge of it by its cities, railroads or steamboats, but by its natural scenery and by those you meet in it. It may do very well to judge of France by Paris, but never of the United States by New York, never.

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—"Mother, have I got any children?" asked an urchin of eight.

"Why, no; what put that in your head, boy?"

"Because I read in the Bible to-day at school about the children's children."

A PHYSICIAN thus addressed a surgeon, while in their patient's chamber: "You must not fail to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow." "I won't suffer it!" cried the sick man in a fright. "Don't be alarmed, sir," replied the surgeon, "the doctor only orders you to be bled." "Oh, as for the bleeding," replied he, "that matters little; but as for the other, I would sooner die than endure it."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Hudson, Lenawee county, Mich., 10th April, 1860.

"MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Will you be so kind as to answer the following matters of dispute between a gentleman of this place and myself:

"1st. How many points constitute a carom game of billiards, as played with four balls, in this country? 2d. In playing it, if you carom on the two reds and pocket one, how many do you count? 3d. Can you pocket a red and continue to play, if you do so for the sake of spotting it where you can carom? Will you answer these through the columns of *Frank Leslie's*, and oblige, yours respectfully, W. B. C."

Ans.: 1st, 68; 2d, 3; 3d, to continue your play, it is necessary to make a carom.

W. McC., Austin, Texas.—In fifteen ball pool a hazard is good, even when the cue and object balls are in contact.

CHARLES F., Fort Edward.—At the four ball carom game, the other day, I was playing a three-handed match. My two adversaries had scored 68 each, when, by my holing myself, they became each 66. The player who was to follow me contended that as he was first to play he was first out. Ans.: Neither party could claim the game, but must win it by another count.

MECHANIC, Guelph, C.W.—I see it stated that the material of which Phelan's cushions are made is of one and the same piece, yet different in density. How can this be? Ans.: That's the question. It is so: they are of one piece and of different densities. If you ever visit New York, look in at the Phelan Billiard Table Factory, 65, 66, 67 and 69 Crosby street, and see for yourself.

HART, Peoria, Ill.—In such case the balls must be spotted before another stroke is played, unless the spot belonging to either be occupied by one of the other balls, in which case the red ball whose spot is covered must be kept in hand until the spot is uncovered.

J. R. O., Chicago, Ill.—In billiards, as in everything, the rule, "Mind your own business," is a golden one.

NEOPHYTE, St. Louis, Mo.—The doublet game is played with three balls, one red and two white. To make a count, the object ball must be made to strike a cushion and cross the table before falling into the pocket, or make one ball kiss the other into the pocket, make a carom or receive the count as a forfeiture from his opponent.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA LUNATIC ASYLUM.—Ex Governor Allison, of South Carolina, has ordered one of Phelan's tables, which he intends presenting to the Lunatic Asylum of that State.

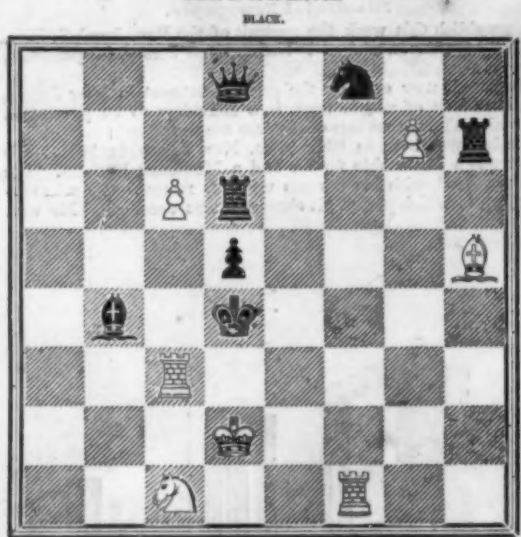
THE LYNCH AND SEERLEITER MATCH.—This affair has entered into no new phase, as Mr. Seerleiter has not complied with the invitation of the editor of *Whit's Spirit*, to cover the \$500 which Mr. Lynch has forwarded to back his proposition. This controversy, which seems to be one of Mr. Seerleiter's fortes, is cut short until he shows that he means business.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGERS OF THE STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM ON BILLIARDS.—We have received the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Managers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, transmitted to the Legislature on the 7th February, 1860. It bears testimony to the good effects of billiards as an amusement on convalescent patients in their institution. It says, "In our last report we acknowledged the very liberal gift of a billiard table from Mr. Michael Phelan, of New York city. This has proved, even more than we anticipated, an excellent means of exercise and amusement to the patients. Combining as it does every requisite for a healthful and pleasing recreation within doors, it is peculiarly adapted to our wants, and we gladly embrace this opportunity of renewing our thanks to the generous donor."

CHESS.

All communications and newspaper intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Rue 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM NO. 230.—By K., of Westchester. White to play and mate in four moves.



PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—The following are received and on file for examination: O. F. Reed, Penn Yan, N. Y.; E. A. Sexton, N. Y.; W. C. C. N. Y.; John Gardner, Brooklyn; G. E. Carpenter, Tarrytown; W. H. Baker, Philadelphia; J. Schwarz, Philadelphia; H. L.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—PAUL MOORE, Cohocton, O. We do not know where it can be had.—SAVANNAH, GA. We would like to learn if Chess-players meet in Savannah. If so, where?

WESTERN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of this association is now being held in St. Louis, Mo. T. M. Brown, J. W. Skinner, C. Belcher, Committee.

GAME PLAYED BETWEEN MR. H. T. YOUNG and MR. LOWENTHAL, the latter giving the odds of the Q. Kt:

WHITE.		(REMOVE WHITE'S Q'S Kt.)		BLACK.	
Mr. L.	Mr. Y.	Mr. L.	Mr. Y.	Mr. L.	Mr. Y.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	10 B to K 5 (ch)	P to B 3		
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	11 Kt to K B 3	P to K 3		
3 B to B 4	B to B 4	12 B to K 5 P (ch)	Kt to Q 2		
4 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q 4 (a)	13 R to K sq	R to Q B sq		
5 P to K 4	Kt to K 5	14 B to K 5	Q to B 3		
6 Castles (c)	Kt to K B 3	15 B to K 5	P to K 3		
7 Kt to K 5	Q Kt to K 5	16 Q to R 5 (ch)	P to Kt 3		
8 P to Q 4	B to K 3	17 Q to Q 5, and Black resigned.			
9 B to B 3 (d)	B to K 3				

(a) The best mode of declining the Evans' Gambit. It is a perfectly safe defence, and with correct play leads to an even game.

(b) B to Kt 5 is the only correct move here, but in giving the odds of a Knight the editor preferred this line of play.

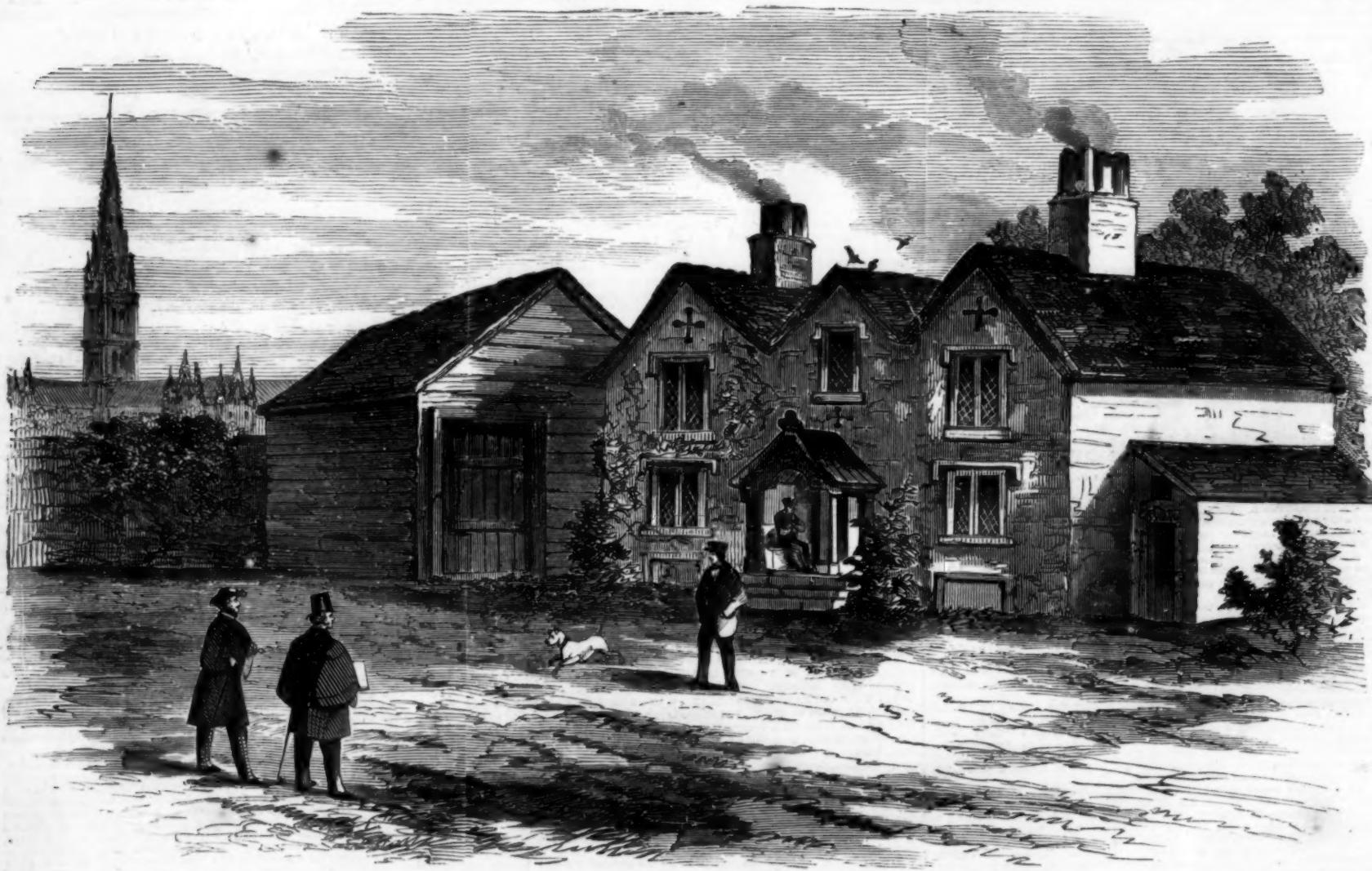
(c) Kt to K 5 is generally played at this juncture.

(d) In the Evans' Gambit attack this move is very forcible, as it prevents Black from Castling, and retards the development of his game.

The following spirited little game was played between Mr. MAUGH and an amateur, the former giving the odds of the Q's Kt:

WHITE.		(REMOVE WHITE'S Q'S Kt.)		BLACK.	
Mr. M.	Amateur.	Mr. M.	Amateur.	Mr. M.	Amateur.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	10 Kt to B 2	Q to K B 3		
2 P to K B 4	P to K 4	11 B to K B 4	P to Q B 3		
3 Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	12 K R to K sq (ch)	B to K 2		
4 P to K 5	B to K Kt 5	13 Q to K Kt 4	Kt to Q 2		
5 P to Q 4	B to K 5	14 B to K 5	P to K 3 (ch)		
6 Q to K 5	Q to K 5 (ch)	15 K to Kt 2	K to K B 3		
7 P to K Kt 3	P to K 5	16 R to K 3 (ch)	P to K 3		
8 P to K 5	Q to K 5	17 Q to K 2	Kt to Kt 3		
9 B to Q 3	Q to K 5 (ch)				

White mates in four moves.—Ere.



HERENAN'S LATE TRAINING-PLACE IN ENGLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 344.

MURDER TRIAL IN NEW JERSEY—WIFE POISONING.

Trial of Rev. Jacob S. Harden, at Belvidere, who was discovered after his flight through his Portrait being published in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

We republish this week the portrait of the Rev. Jacob S. Harden, who is now on trial at Belvidere, New Jersey, for poisoning his wife.

The case is now exciting the greatest interest in New Jersey, and hundreds of people flock into Belvidere to be present at the trial. The particulars of the case are as follows:

Harden was born in Blairstown, New Jersey, in 1837. His father was a respectable farmer and a Methodist by faith. The prisoner lived with his parents until his removal to Andersonstown, up to which period his character was excellent. He was,

however, always vain of his personal appearance and his presumed talents. He joined the Methodist church when quite young, and was a preacher at the early age of nineteen. His education is limited, but he is a fluent and eloquent speaker. He married his wife, whom he had known from childhood, in October, 1858, at Andersonstown, to which place his family had removed from Blairstown. The supposed cause for the act of which he is accused is thus stated by a correspondent:

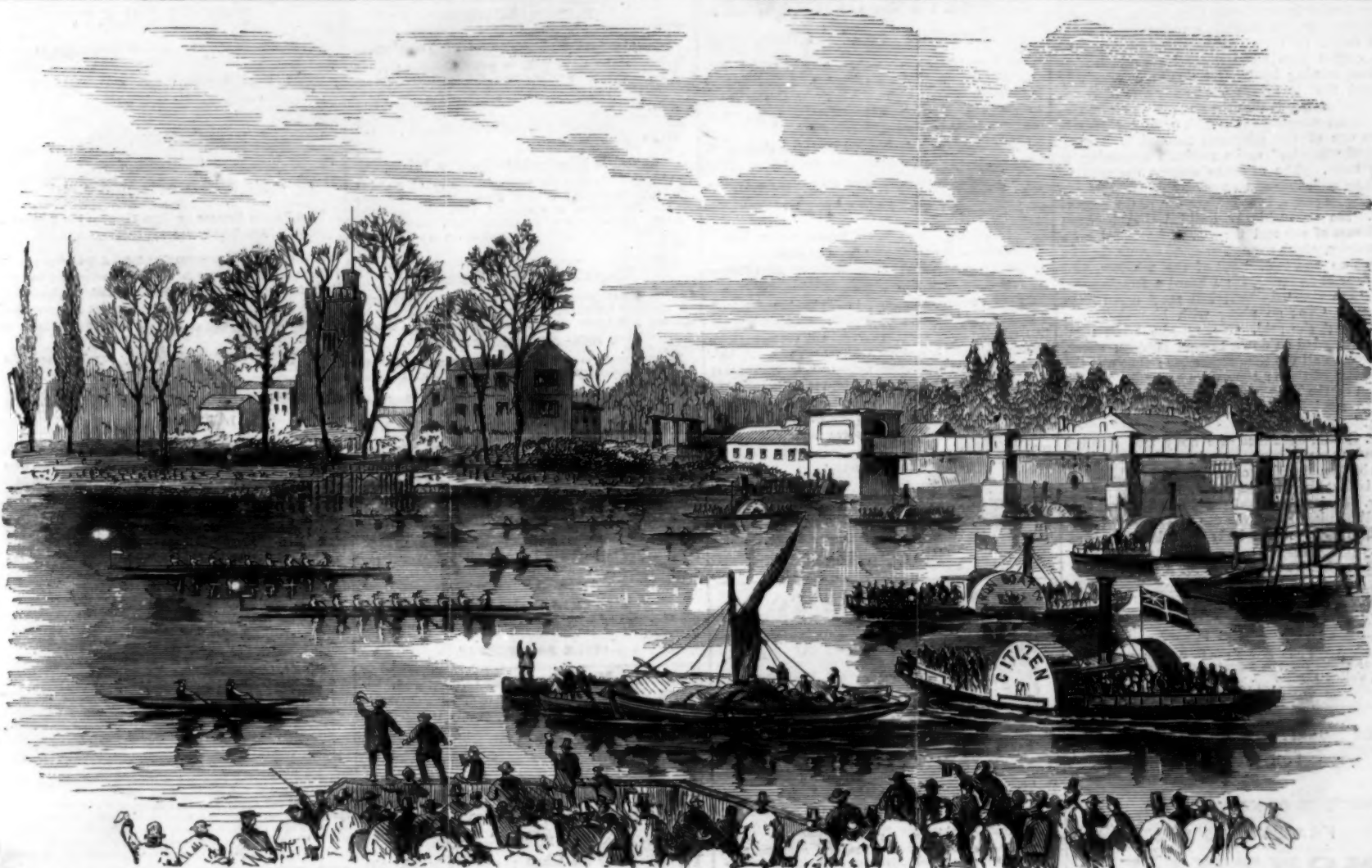
Jacob took his young wife to his father's house, where she remained some weeks; then to her father's, where she stayed for a considerable time longer, and finally, at the request of her father, took her to the place where he was boarding. Shortly before his marriage, or soon after, rumor says Jacob became enamoured of a beautiful young lady by the name of Smith. This matter coming to the knowledge of his wife soon after her removal to his boarding-place, caused a great deal of domestic unhappiness. About the 1st of March last his wife was taken suddenly ill, and

on the 9th she died, with every indication of arsenical poisoning. Her health, prior to that, was remarkably good. Jacob's strange conduct during her illness, and his great anxiety to have her buried hastily, caused him to be suspected, and a coroner's inquest was held. The inquest was private, and its proceedings are lodged with the Attorney-General of the State, but enough has leaked out to induce the public to form and express opinions decidedly unfavorable to the prisoner. Jacob was examined as a witness at the inquest, and testified that his wife had told him that she had taken poison, and made him promise never to reveal the fact unless it was necessary to save his own life. The inquest was continued several days, and resulted in a verdict that Jacob had poisoned his wife with arsenic.

The day before the rendition of the verdict, however, the Rev. Jacob S. Harden disappeared, having quietly disposed of his property. He was traced from one place to another, but finally all trace of him was lost.



INTERIOR OF THE LANCHESTER'S CELEBRATED SPORTING HOUSE, THE CAMBRIAN, IN CASTLE STREET, STRAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 344.



GREAT EIGHT-OARED BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE COLLEGIATES OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES, ON THE THAMES, PUTNEY, ENG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 344

Fortunately he left behind him a daguerreotype-likeness, which was sent to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and was published therein, together with the proclamation of the Governor of the State of New Jersey, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of Harden. No one could learn his whereabouts until our paper, containing his portrait, appeared, when he was recognized by our accurate likeness, in Fairmount, near Wheeling, Virginia. He, of course, denied himself, but at length confessed his identity, but declared his perfect innocence of the charge.

He was then taken to Belvidere, which is the county seat of Warren county, and lodged in jail. At the last April term of the Court he was arraigned on an indictment of four counts, charging him with administering poison to his wife on the 1st of March last, and on other days up to the 9th. A motion to quash the indictment was then made and argued, and overruled. The

Since the Crimean war the Armstrong gun has been introduced theoretically, for we are not aware its practical value has been proved beyond the experiments, which have been considered most satisfactory by the British Government.

The last few months, however, have introduced the Whitworth gun, which throws all its rivals into the shade. As everything pertaining to artillery practice is interesting to a nation so warlike as the American, we have condensed from the English papers a brief account of this iron monarch of wholesale murder. We cannot better convey to our readers an idea of this wonderful invention than by quoting from a London paper the following account of the mechanism:

"The breech in Whitworth's cannon is a massive piece of metal, which works upon a powerful hinge, or swivel, projecting two or three inches on the right side; and on this hinge the back extremity of the breech opens out similarly to a furnace door. In the exposed bore, in the centre, is a tin canister, which contained the last charge of powder. On looking through the interior, 'you see the beautiful and regular winding, which gives the rotary motion to the missile while on its way to the muzzle, and the retention of which is necessary to its steady flight.' The loading of these guns is, in itself, a curious process. The moveable back is opened and the shot is pushed into the bore. A tin canister, filled with powder, and varying in length according to the weight of the charge, is pushed in behind the ball. At the end of it, next the missile, it is sealed hermetically with a wad of wax and tallow, which acts as a lubricant. When the charge has been duly placed, the breech is pressed to, a handle in the centre is turned and the breech and barrel become one. The gun is fired by a friction fuse, inserted in an opening precisely in the centre of the back, and the contents of which are discharged against a minute aperture opposite to it in the rear of the tin cartridge."

Now for the actual results of the experiments made at Southport, in England, on Thursday, the 23rd February

"It was on Thursday, last week, that a trial was made at Southport of the Whitworth rifle cannon. On the dry beach, at a short distance from the main shore, five of these cannons were ranged—an 80-pounder, an 18-pounder, a 12-pounder, and two 3-pounders. A target was erected at 1,000 yards, and beyond it, at the termination of a direct line, at a distance of eight or nine miles, was placed a flag, visible, of course, only through a telescope.

"The first trial was made with a 3-pounder, charged with eight ounces of powder; at an elevation of 35 degrees it obtained an extreme range of 9,288 yards, the deflection of the missile being 30 yards to the right; at an elevation of 20 degrees, the range obtained was 7,173 yards, the deflection being only four yards to the right. The next trial was with the 80-pounder, which at five degrees of elevation, with twelve lbs. of powder, threw a 90 lb. projectile a distance of 2,550 yards, when it ricocheted at right angles and buried itself in the sea at an immense distance. A second shot, with the same charge, first grazed the sand 2,620 yards distant from the gun, and only two yards to the right of the true line. From this point it glanced upwards, but continued a straight course onwards, alighting in the sand at a distance of over 6,000 yards from the gun. It is certain that if this monster gun had been mounted at a higher degree of elevation, it would have thrown the projectile a distance of not less than six miles. The complete success of the 80-pounder may be confidently predicted from the results obtained by the 3-pounder, with which good practice has more recently been made at the enormous distance of 5½ miles."

THE JERSEY CITY MYSTERY.

On Friday, April 13, the body of a woman was seen floating near the Cunard dock, Jersey City. Upon its being drawn to land it was discovered to be perfectly nude, with the exception of part of a chemise. The marks of violence were indisputable, and the mere fact of its being tied to a barrel of pitch, which had evidently been used as a weight to prevent its rising in the water, was certain evidence that a foul crime had been committed. Upon examination, the body seemed to be that of a woman of about thirty years old, and it had the appearance of having been in the water about three weeks or a month. At the adjourned



THE REV. JACOB S. HARDEN, NOW ON TRIAL AT BELVIDERE, N. J., FOR WIFE POISONING.

(Harden having fled was discovered by the above portrait, which was published at the time in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.)

prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the trial was set down for September Term last; but owing to the absence of Dr. Chilton, of New York, a material witness for the State, it was adjourned until this term.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.

Discover it as we may the nature of man is eminently pugnacious. This inherent faculty peeps forth at every opportunity. It is the ruling passion strong in life. Dickens, the prose Shakespeare of our times, has illustrated it when he makes Winkle so excited by a brass band striking up *Rose Britannia*, that he carefully selects the smallest boy in the crowd and deliberately pitches into him. We have had during the last forty years several improvements in the art of destruction. The *Mitragren*, *Paixhan* and rifled cannon have all been great advances; a cannon, whose capabilities have been tested.



THE UNKNOWN MURDERED WOMAN, FOUND FLOATING, BUT SECURELY ANCHORED, OFF YORK STREET DOCK, JERSEY CITY.

inquest was held at the Commercial Rooms, Montgomery street, Jersey City, before Recorder Bedford. In the meantime numerous persons had called to view the remains, but although the corpse bore some general resemblance to several missing bodies, yet this as conclusively proved that it might not be any one of them. The probability is that the murder was committed on the morning of the 26th or 27th of March, since one of the witnesses testified to hearing cries of "murder" and a woman's screaming at that hour. The evidence stamps the man as such an unfeeling and cowardly brute that we wonder he escaped the indignation of the spectators. He unblushingly testified that between the hours of one and three A. M. he heard cries of murder, which seemed to come from a female. "I got up and looked out of the window, and saw four or five persons; I heard a female voice say, 'I'm stabbed—he'll kill me;' one of the men said, 'No; go along with him—he'll not hurt you;' she said, 'No, no—he'll kill me;' they proceeded on down toward Hudson street, the woman all the time screaming; that was the last I saw of them; they were going in the direction of the York street pier. I did not go out to render assistance, as I was afraid of harm."

Dr. Quidor examined the body and testified to finding many bruises on it, and the collar-bone broken, besides other injuries. The inference is that she was murdered.

Mr. Woolsey testified that he had missed two barrels of pitch about the 4th of January, but it was unlikely that the body had laid there so long.

The inquest was adjourned for a week.

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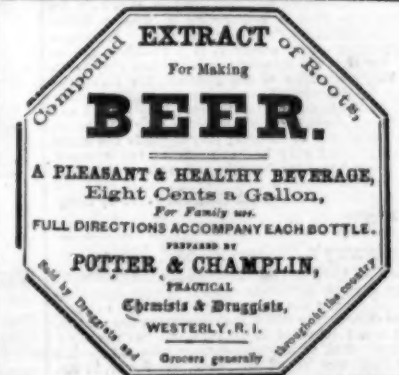
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